

Bible - Psalms - Selections
A
COLLECION
O F
PSALMS, *[English.]*

-K (Moo.)
Proper to be Sung at CHURCHES;
And suited to the several parts of
DIVINE SERVICE.

The Whole

Consisting of Psalms for these following Occasions.

- I. *For all the Sundays of the Month.*
- II. *For Festivals both Stated and Extraordinary. As also Sacramental Hymns and Psalms.*
- III. *For Fast days both Ordinary and Extraordinary.*
- IV. *For the more particular use of Catechetical Societies.*
- V. *To be Sung in Schools.*
- VI. *To be Sung in Families. And,*
- VII. *Occasional, in time of Plenty, or of Dearth, of Health, Sickness, or Recovery.*

The whole Collected out of the New Version, and
Set to the most Approved Tunes.

L O N D O N:

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A COLLECTION OF PSALMS

Proper to be sung at CHURCHES
And suited to the several parts of
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Consisting of Psalms for their sol-
lowing Occasions.

I. For all the Sundays of the Year.
II. For Festivals, Solemnities, and Fairs.



III. For Fast Days, and Fairs.
IV. For the Week Days of Lent.

V. For the Week Days of Easter.
VI. For the Week Days of Pentecost.

VII. For the Week Days of Trinity.
VIII. For the Week Days of Whitsunday.

IX. For the Week Days of Corpus Christi.
X. For the Week Days of Trinity Sunday.

XI. For the Week Days of Trinity Sunday.
XII. For the Week Days of Trinity Sunday.

XIII. For the Week Days of Trinity Sunday.
XIV. For the Week Days of Trinity Sunday.

THE
PREFACE.

ALTHO' the reason of the following Collection of Psalms for Churches may easily appear from the Title it self, yet it may be requisite to give some more expresse Account of the Nature and Design thereof, as well as to account for what seems to lye most open to Objection.

And First, If it be demanded why a Collection should not be made out of the Old Version rather than any other: This is, because the Old being so full of Obsolete Words, and Insignificant, and sometimes Ridiculous Expressions, it is now become highly contemptible with Persons of better Judgment; And in little or no Esteem also with even those of meanest Capacity: And upon the whole, because that the Service of the Church does, on the score of that, not a little suffer by such

The Preface.

a Meanness in one of the principal parts of Divine Worship, as Psalmody certainly is.

Secondly, That a Choice out of the Psalms, and not the whole Book is here presented, as proper for publick use in the Worship of God: This is because above one Third of the Psalms did belong more properly to the Temple than it does to the Christian Service; Or to the particular Circumstances of the Psalmist, not at all applicable to the Generality at leastwise of Christian Worshipers; But chiefly because 'tis humbly conceived by no means fit, to leave it altogether to the Discretion of every Parish-Clark, to pick and choose for the whole Congregation; it being often observ'd, that many of them will generally make use of Psalms of Imprecation upon Enemies; which how far they may nourish Passions of a quite contrary nature to the meek and forgiving Spirit of the Gospel, I leave it to be seriously reflected upon.

Thirdly, That the Collection is made for so many Sundays only as are in the Month. In this there is a double Eye had; first, to provide so far for Variety, that a constant Repetition of the same ~~may not~~ ^{may not} nauseate; and next, to temper that Variety so, that the whole
may

The Preface.

may be within that compass, as to be learnt by heart, especially by young People; a thing mainly design'd in this Collection. And through the whole Series of Psalms for every day, it is endeavour'd to adapt each to that part of the Service where it is to be us'd, so as to make it fall in very naturally where it is appointed. Thus, 1st. As to the Psalms to be us'd at Home, or at Church before Divine Service begins; They are such wherein pious Souls do breath forth their ardent Desires, and earnest Longings for the Worship of God; and do excite and invigorate one another to join in it. And that these are appointed to be Sung in the Church before Divine Service begins, is that the Congregation may be better fill'd by that time the Minister enters upon the publick Worship; and especially before he begins the Confession. It is in truth an Offence and Scandal to see People, as in many Country Churches, industriously delaying till a good part of the Service is over. But a Psalm tuneably Sung would hasten them out of their Houses, and onwards in their way to the House of God; and will probably draw them in from under the Church-walls. And that they may have time to gather together, I have generally given that Set of Psalms in a greater length than usual; which may however be shortned according to the

The Preface.

the Minister's Discretion, and as he sees his Congregation fill. The 2d Sett of Psalms, Namely, those between the first and second Service, do mostly speak the Eternal Reason, Immutable Nature, and Divine Perfection of the Moral Law; which 'tis conceiv'd may not be improper, just before that the same Law is pronounc'd in the Reading of the Ten Commandments. The 3d. Sett of Psalms before Sermon are generally Petitionary; that God would open and prepare our Hearts to receive Instruction by his Word. And the 4th. Those after Sermon in the After-noon, do express the ineffable Sweetness and Satisfaction that Pious Souls have tasted in the publick Worship and Instruction; and a lothness and unwillingness to depart from the Temple; and a kind of hankering after, and a longing for the future Sabbath. And let this suffice for the Rationale on the Sunday-Psalms.

Fourthly, As to the Festivals, they are Stated and Ordinary; as that of the Incarnation, the Resurrection and Ascension of Christ, and the Descent of the Holy Ghost: Or Extraordinary, as those occasionally Appointed by Publick Authority, on account of the Church's and Nation's Preservation from, and Success against their Enemies.

The Preface.

mies. And I have endeavour'd to point out Psalms and Hymns suitable to either Case.

With respect to the former Festivals, I have made choice of proper Hymns, because that when we Celebrate the Praises of God, and of our Great Redeemer, on the account of any of those Astonishing Mysteries and Wonders discover'd in our Redemption, it seems not necessary that we should wholly confine our selves to the obscure Hints of the Types and Prophecies preceding Christ's coming into the Flesh: But now after that we have had such express and open Declarations of those things in the Christian Hymns, and Gospels, appointed for those great Festivals, it seems reasonable that we should rather Commemorate them in these. And the like reasons will serve for that mixture which will be found in the Sacramental Hymns and Psalms.

But as to the other Festivals of the Church, those which are Occasionally appointed on the account of Gods Mercies in the preservation thereof, from, or successes against its Enemies; the Psalms of David are a full magazine of such praises, out of which I have endeavour'd to Select the most proper. Nor,

*Fifthly, Is there any want of proper Psalms for Fast-Days, whether Ordinary, or Extraordinary. Penitential Psalms are
most*

The Preface.

most suitable for these Seasons; of which the Holy Psalmist does afford us great Variety. But,

Sixthly, It will be most enquired what I mean by providing Psalms for the more particular Use of Catechetical Societies. Now these Catechetical Societies are, what I have as much employ'd my thoughts upon, both to raise and cultivate, as on any one thing beside. For this purpose, I have publish'd a Pastoral Letter to a Foreign Clergy, with a large Preface to my Brethren at Home; wherein I earnestly press'd upon the former, and humbly address'd my self to the latter, to form the Youth of their respective Parishes into several Classes or Forms, the better to give them Catechetical Instructions proportionable to their different Age and Capacities. And to this purpose, I have also directed a Pastoral Discourse to the Youth themselves; wherein I do not only remind them of the Necessity and Advantage of an Early Religion: But in order thereunto, do recommend it to them, First, That they put themselves under the Instruction and Guidance of the Ministers of Religion, to whose Care they shall belong respectively; and that for each Ministers greater Ease, and their own mutual Edification, they form themselves into Religious and Catechetical Societies
under

The Preface.

under his direction. And, Secondly, The better to secure their perseverance in Religion; since to be sensibly affected with the Sweets and Comforts of Piety and Devotion, will be their great Security; I do earnestly exhort these our Youth to make themselves as skillful as may be, in Psalmody, so as to be able to sing them justly, as set to the best Tunès. And this being so, that I have taken particular care about forming Catechetical Societies, I could not avoid making a particular Service of Psalms for their use; tho' from them it is that I chiefly promise to my self the Use of all the rest.

And the Psalms which I Select more peculiarly for them, are such, wherein the Psalmist prays for the Enlargement of God's Church, and the Triumph of his Kingdom over the Kingdom of Darkness; with a Pious Zeal for which, I propose that these affectionate Devotees will above most others be soon inspir'd.

Seventhly, And with the like accommodation to the Genius and Temper of the Persons; I have endeavour'd to adapt those Psalms which I have selected for the Use of Schools. The Youth in these being us'd to the loftier Straines of the Greek and Latin Poets; an humble Verse will not be so well relish'd by them. For

The Preface.

this reason therefore with respect to them, I have Selected some proper Psalms wherein either the Majesty of God, or his wonderful Works, are so nobly display'd, and in such agreeing numbers, as in the 104th. Psalm; that neither the Thoughts nor Composition do give place to, but rather exceed what they will meet with in the best Classicks.

Eighthly, The next provision is for Families. I have been long of the Opinion, that as Family Religion has felt a sensible Decay since the disuse of Singing of Psalms therein (which was constantly a part of it in the days of our Forefathers, and is now perhaps so despised as it is, because of the meanness of our Vulgar Metre) so the likeliest way to retrieve it will be to revive the Custom of Psalmody. And in order to that have provided some Select and Proper Psalms to accompany the Morning and Evening Prayer; wherein is express'd the necessity of relying on Gods Providence to bless our Labours and Undertakings; which were Masters of Families sufficiently Sensible of, they would not think that lost time which they and their Servants shall spend in the Morning and Evening Worship.

Lastly,

The Preface.

Lastly, And to all those who succeed some Occasional Psalms more particularly adapted to Times of Plenty, or of Dearth; of Health, Sickness, or Recovery. And it is not to be express'd how much the Solitary use of these whilst in a Journey, or at Work, or in Walk, ing in a Garden, or the Fields, will nourish Piety. And besides the Comforts it will afford on a Sick-Bed, to Tune silently to ourselves one of those Psalms, wherein the Psalmist himself found refreshment in his greatest Distresses; what an Advantage will it give to a Pious Soul labouring under Pain, to have the Mind so Ravish'd with a Spiritual and Divine Sensation as not to feel the Tortures of Pain it self. That sure must be the best of Anodines, that will at the same time it diverts the Pain, create a Ravishment, and the height of Pleasure.

And then to give the greater advantage to all these several Services of Psalms, it will be highly requisite that they should be got by Heart by all that use them. And as I propose that the use thereof will be chiefly embraced by Youth (who, tho some Old Persons may still dote on the Old Version, are universally bent upon the New) so it will be an easy, and pleasant

(b 2)

The Preface.

Sanct Task for both those belonging to Schools, and the Catechetick Societies to make themselves Masters of them. And a more proper Task cannot be set to either on the Lords day, than to learn them then perfectly without Book.

And yet to heighten the Sweetness and the Comfort that will accrue by the use of them, it will be farther necessary that they should be Sung by Note, and to the Best Tunes. And that nothing therefore may be wanting to perfect our Design to Introduce, and to Improve this so Heavenly a Part of Divine Worship; I have taken care to have the Musick added; and moreover the Tunes too, as well as the Psalms, Selected.

But then to make them capable to Sing the Psalms to such Tunes, it will be requisite that they learn the Art of Singing. And as the Young People in many Parishes throughout the Kingdom, have very Laudably entertained any that would pretend to instruct them therein; and it is only pitty that they had not very good Masters; So it were much to be wished that our Scholes would encourage such Masters to come for an Hour or Two in a Day, Once or Twice a Week. To supply the want of which, in the mean time the following Essay has been Communicated to me by an Ingenious Friend.

A N

ESSAY

To Render Any

Psalm TUNE

Intelligible to the Meanest

CAPACITY.

THO' several have attempted to accommodate the Rules of Musick, to the meanest Capacity, (as far as necessary in Common Psalmody) yet none have Treated of it, so plainly as to be understood without an Interpreter; to unriddle what they have meant by sundry Terms and Things.

As at the Entrance, to be presented with a Scale of Musick call'd the *Gamut*, to be told that it must be got by heart so as to be said backwards and forwards, upwards and downwards, likel the Multiplication Table; that it is absolutely necessary to distinguish Cliffs to know the *F-fa-ut*, *C-sol-fa-ut*, and *G-sol-re-ut* Cliffs, and that without they know

where to place *Mi* they'l never be able to sing right. This is to talk *Arabick* to an Honest Country-man and frights him for ever from making so much as an Essay to know better.

'Tis true a Man cannot be a Master of Musick, without understanding not only these Terms but the things they relate to; Yet they are not absolutely necessary to be understood to qualify a Man for joining in Common Psalmody, whither at Church or in his Family any more than it is necessary to be an exact Gramarian before he can write or speak intelligibly.

And such is the Nature of Sounds that almost every Man is born with an Ear to distinguish Concords, from Discords in Consort, and agreeable Risings and Fallings in a single part, without knowing any thing of the Mystery of Composition: And it is Observable, that even Beasts themselves such as Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, &c. And especially Birds that often exercise their Organs cannot make a Noise without having regard to Concords, so natural it is for all Creatures to dislike and avoid those Sounds that in their own Nature, will not agree either together or immediately following one another; And our own involuntary Noises such as Sneezing, Crying in Pain, Laughter, &c. Are Evidences that there is something in Nature that confines us to the Rules of Concord, and whenever they are transgress'd the Noise becomes as irksome as the Grating of a Saw upon a Nail.

Let not the Reader therefore think he undertakes an invincible Task when he endeavours to under-

derstand the following Tunes by Note, since that is born with him which will assist and guide him whenever he would Praise his Maker by Harmony.

There are few of 16 or 18 Years old that have any sort of Disposition in their Voices to Musick but can sing most of the Psalm Tunes in use by Rote, or at least follow others, now if such will apply themselves to observe the few following Rules, they may be accomplish'd (without any other Instructor) in 14 days time to sing not only perfectly those Tunes they have hitherto Sung by Rote, but to sing off Hand any New Tune in Confort with others, and after a little Practice to lead in a New Tune, with the same Assurance as they could in an Old one.

1. Accustom your self to Express the rising and falling Eight Notes; (which compass for the most part includ's all our Psalm Tunes) Thus rising say leisurely with your self. 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. If you find you cannot Express the 8th without squeaking, 'tis a sign you began too high, therefore try again beginning lower, and it is very seldom but you'll be able to reach to 8 and for most part higher; When you have rais'd 8 Notes try to return descending from 8 to 7. 6. 5. 4. 3. 2. 1. and if you find your 1. in Course comes to be Unison with that Pitch of voice you began to rise from, you may conclude you have done right; And if you feel by your Ear, you have miss'd the 1st. Time, try again, and again and you'll find by degrees you may conquer it: And to assist your Imagination for want

of a Violin or other tuneable Instrument you need only have recourse to the Tones of a good Sett of Bells, which almost every Market Town affords.


II. When you have acquir'd a graceful rising and falling of 8 Notes try to express Notes at some distance from one another, thus to express a 3d. from any Note, say rising leisurely 1. 2. 3. and immediately whilst the sound of the first Note is in your fancy sound. 1. 3. --- 1. 3. Then try to rise to a fifth thus leisurely ascending 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. then immediately before the sound of 1. is out of your fancy say 1. 5. --- 1. 5. *i. e.* One Five, One Five, and if you are out, your Ear will tell you, for a 5th is so good a Concord that the most vulgar Ear can distinguish it from the left Jarr above or below its true Place. Then proceed to express a 6th. in the same manner beginning at 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. then say whilst the Tone is in your Ear, One Six, one Six. Now tho this is not so perfect a Concord as the 5th yet 'tis a Concord, and so agreeable that accustoming the Ear to sound it, it becomes as readily expressible by any tuneable Voice as the other. Then to express an 8th Raise the Octave or whole compass of 8 Notes, and at the end immediately express One Eight --- One Eight, several times over to your self to rivett the sounds so in your mind that you may readily express them whenever you have occasion, and when you feel by your Ear you do not express a Note properly, go back only to the preceding Note and rise or fall

fall till you come to that Key, where the Note is you would express, and when you have it, repeat it over and over with the preceeding Note ; by this means you may as it were spell out any Sound you want to know. The 2^d, 4th, and 7th, are pass'd over, because they are naturally Discords, and never us'd in Consort in our Church Psalmody.

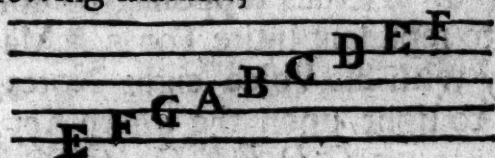
III. Never allow your self in a loud Clamorous Tone, but let your Voice easily deliver it self, as if you were afraid to be heard in the next Room, and at Church let it be a constant Rule, (except you are Clark, or he that undertakes to Govern a New Tune, or Sing a Base) never to sing louder than to be heard by the next Person that sits to you, nor to begin or end a Line sooner or longer than the Body of the Congregation does : This one Rule observ'd, would make ordinary Singers yield a Melody excitiv^e of Devotion, beyond the more Skilful, that boisterously Thrash at Singing ; so that the united Voices of the whole Congregation, is not a Ballance for their Noise.


IV. Accustom your self frequently alone, or in Company, to Scan over those Tunes you already know by Rote, upon the Notes as they are in the Book, and observe well the Tone you give to each Line and Space ; which Practice alone by Degrees, will make you as much a Master of your Voice, as if it were an Instrument to be touched where and when you pleas'd ; and knowing readily what Tone


to express every Note by, you will easily after two or three times hammering at it, Chant a Tune you never saw, perhaps as aptly as the Man that made it.

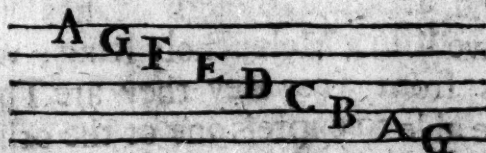
V. You must know that the Elevation and Depression of Sounds not being communicable by written Words, Mankind has agreed to represent them by certain Characters, or Notes plac'd on or between five Lines, in the following manner,  and that every Space betwixt Line and Line, shall be expressive of a peculiar height of Voice as well as the Lines themselves, so that if you count the Places for Notes in the foregoing Example, you will find reckoning Spaces and Lines inclusively, there is Room for eight Notes or different Altitudes of Voice, and consequently that the second or uppermost Note in this Example, is to be sung eight Notes higher than the first or lowest : This is all that is meant by what is call'd *Cliff* in Musick, a word borrowed of the *French*, signifying Key in *English* : Now to each of these Lines or Spaces they have given a Name, as for Instance, the space where the lowest Note in the Example above stands is call'd the *F-fa-ut Cliff*, the Line above that the *G-sol-re-ut Cliff*, the space above that the *A-la-mi-re Cliff*, and so on thro' the Scale of Musick, meaning in short only that according to the old way of *Sol-fa-ing* when *Re* and *Ut* were in Fashion, that the *Cliff F-fa-ut* might be sometimes *Fa* and sometimes *Ut*, that the *G-sol-re-ut Cliff* might be sometimes *Sol*, sometimes *Re*, and sometimes

Ut ; that the *A-la-mi-re Cliff* might be some-
 times *La*, sometimes *Mi*, and sometimes *Re* :
 but I would advise the plain Reader, that has
 little leisure, to trouble his Memory with no
 more than the seven first Letters of the Al-
 phabet, and to remember that the first Line be-
 low is call'd *E*, the first space *F*, the second Line
G, the second space *A*, the third Line *B*, the third
 space *C*, the fourth Line *D*, the fourth Space *E*,
 which is an eighth to the first Line. The uppermost
 or fifth Line is *F*, an eighth also to the first Space
 below, and all this may be briefly express'd in
 the following manner,



This is all the Scale of Musick you need to
 learn for the Treble, which is distinguish'd
 by this mark, , design'd for an Old *G* on
 the *G* Line.

The Base is known by this mark, , being
 a *C* turn'd backward with two Tittles after it
 upon the *F-fa-ut Cliff*, but we'll call it the *F*
 Line, from whence 'tis easie to make the Scale
 for the Base as follows.



Now each of these Lines and Spaces, both in the
 Base and Treble, it is proper you should conceive
 of under these Names, because as far as the Let-
 ters

ters they agree with the common *Gamut* or Scale, and are useful to lead you to know where the half Notes in each Octave or Compass of 8 Notes lye, which solves sufficiently to our purpose that great Mystery of finding *Mi*. For not to puzzle the Candid Reader, with unnecessary Speculations ; you must know that in each Octave or Compass of eight Notes, there are but seven intire Tones, so that any Man rising or falling eight Notes, naturally makes two half Tones in the Compass, which is one of the Mysteries in Nature, that seems yet unsolv'd. As thus supposing the following stroakes to represent intire Tones, a Man rising gradually with his Voice eight Notes, if he happens to light upon the Sharp Key, shall

C D E F G A B C

rise as follows, --1--1--1½1--1--1--1½1, or if he happens on the Flat Key, thus ;

A B C D E F G A

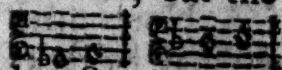
--1--1½1--1--1½1--1--1, by which you see six whole Tones and two half Tones inclusively make up the Octave ; and the difference of these two Keys, one Flat, and the other Sharp is what distinguishes our Rings of Bells ; such a Steeple we say, has a merry Ring of Bells, and another, though it has as much Metal, we stile a Melancholy Ring ; which all proceeds from the Key they are Tun'd to : And to be able to express one or the other, with your Voice you need do no more for the Sharp Key, but to give a full Scope to the third Tone, and the rest will fall right of course by the help of your Ear : To express the Flat

Key, as you'll see by the last Instance, the third Tone, *viz.* *C* is but half a Note from *B*, therefore when you rise from any reasonable pitch, your third Note must be a scanty distance from the second, and the rest will fall right of Course by your Ear.

You must observe further, that both the Keys, *viz.* the Sharp and the Flat agree in this, that 'tis only the space from *B* to *C*, and from *E* to *F*, that are the half Notes or Tones, and which you are to express accordingly, unless to the contrary mark'd. As for Instance, Notes thus express'd,



are naturally but half Tones asunder, but the same Notes thus express'd,



are whole Notes asunder, for the mark




\flat , is the mark for Flat, and whenever you see it at the beginning of a Tune, it signifies that all the Notes upon that Line or Space thro' the Tune are Flat, or half a Note lower than by their Position they ordinarily are expressed; Further when you see the same mark \flat , in the middle or any part of a Tune, then it affects only the Note immediately following it, and directs you to express it half a Note lower than by its Place it ordinarily is expressed. So again if the same Notes are express'd thus,





they are whole Tones asunder for the mark \sharp , is the mark for Sharp, and whenever you see it at the beginning of a Tune, it signifies that all the Notes upon that Line or Space thro' the Tune

are Sharp, or half a Note higher then by their Place they ordinarily are express'd : Further, when you see the same mark # in the middle or any part of a Tune, then it affects only the Note immediately following it, and directs you to express it half a Note higher than it Naturally is.

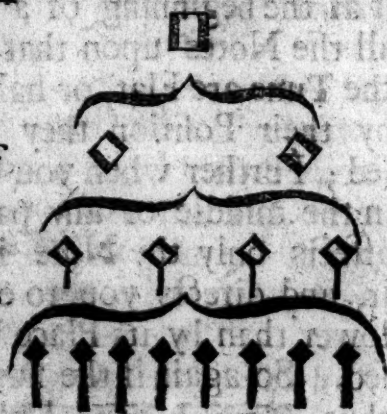
VI. For the Time you need only to Practise often those Tunes you know by Rote, upon the Notes in your Book, this alone will make you ready enough at judging what is convenient Time even in a strange Tune : But if it will not be too great a Charge to your Memory, take the following Directions.





A Note mark'd thus , is call'd a *Brief*, and may be reckon'd as long as four Pulses.

○ is a *Semibrief*, and may be reckon'd as long as two Pulses.  is a *Minim*, and may

be reckon'd as long as one Pulse.  is a

Crotchet, and may be reckon'd as long as half a Pulse. These are all the Marks generally us'd in Psalm Tunes, and in brief may stand thus.



N. B. The turning of the Tails of the Notes upwards or downwards, makes no difference of Time or Sound in the Note, but  is equal to  and  to .

VII. Don't affect Gracing every Note with Shakes, but rather strive to express each Note with an Even Masculine Voice, without shakes till you are Master of the Tune, and then where custom or your fancy leads you (chiefly in Cadences) you may Temper a Note with a Shake.

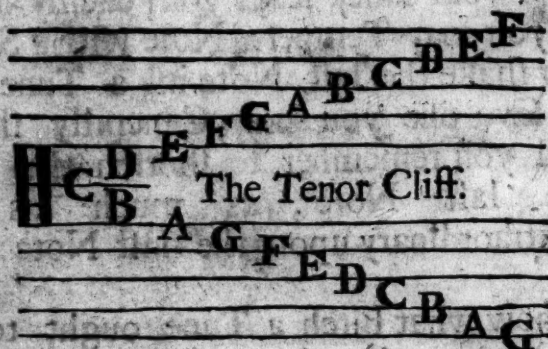
Never shake the last Note in a Tune, but the last save one you may Generally shake, provided you remember to shorten the time of the last Note, as much as you found extraordinary upon the last Note save one.

To know what Pitch a Tune ought to be Sett to, you need only cast your Eye over the Tune and observe what compass it generally has, if it run much upon High Notes it must be set Low, if it run much upon low Notes it must be set High, taking care always so to set it that the highest Notes may be express'd without Squeaking and the lowest without Grumbling.

Remember also that 'tis more eligible to Err upon the hand of setting a Note too high, because you will then be certain to give a full scope for a Base to be sung, and a chearful Pitch do's ever nearest answer the Ends of Musick in Devotion.

N. B. Rules for the C. Cliff were pass'd over under the 5th Head, because it never is us'd in the Common Vocal Musick of our Churches, but whoever has a mind to sing a Tenor, and has the Notes by him may easily adapt a Rule in the same manner as for the Treble and Base by only drawing a short line be-

twixt the Base and Treble, and then carrying up the letters from the Base and down from the Treble, you'll find they meet in C. The Tenor Cliff as in the Example following.



These short and familiar Rules are expos'd with all Deference to the Opinion of Gentlemen skill'd in the Sublime Art of Musick, and as they are intended only for the use of such as are either too distant, or have no leisure for larger and more exact Instruction, so 'tis hop'd the Meaness of the Essay will not be constru'd as a Contempt of the Elaborate Treatises on this Subject.

Nay on the contrary, this *Essay* being design'd only as a familiar Introduction to Enter Young Beginners into one of the most Noble Sciences in the World, that at their first setting out they may not be frightned from attaining to it. I do again most earnestly recommend it both to *Schools*, and *Catechetical Societies*, to entertain such Masters in the Art, as shall perfect them according to the Ordinary Rules. And tho' this may be matter of some small Expence, it will be amply repaid with the Harmony 'twill give in Church, and the Comfort it will yield to *Families*, to have the Praises of their Maker therein treated in a way whereby they'll imitate the Blessed above, both Saints and Angels,

Lord's-day, I.

[1]

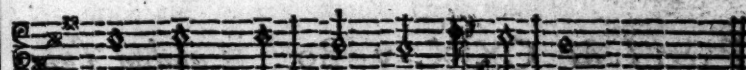
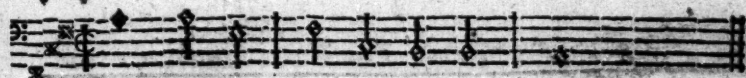
Forenoon.

Gifford Rector of Manston
PSALM C. Proper Tune.

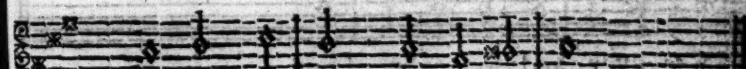
To be Sung at Home, Or at Church; before the
beginning of Divine Service; Or after the
Second Lesson.



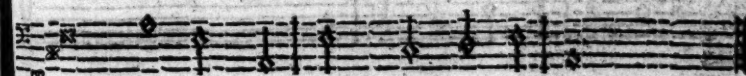
W ith one consent let all the Earth,



To God, their chearful voices raise;



Glad homage pay with awful mirth,



And sing before him Songs of Praise.



B

Con-

Convinc'd that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed ;
We whom he chooseth for his own,
The Flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

O enter then his Temple-Gate,
Thence to his Courts devoutly press,
And still your grateful Hymns repeat,
And still his Name with Praises bless.

For he's the Lord supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure,
His Truth which always firmly stood,
To endless Ages shall endure.

PSALM CXIX. v. 89. *London Tune.*

To be Sung between the First and Second Service.



For ever, and for ever, Lord,



Unchang'd thou dost remain ;



on.

Lord's-day, I.

[3]

Forenoon.



Thy Word establish'd in the Heav'ns,



Does all their Orbs sustain.



Thro' circling Ages, Lord, thy Truth
 Immoveable shall stand,
 As doth the Earth, which thou uphold'st
 By thy Almighty Hand.

une.

vice.

All things the Course by thee ordain'd
 Ev'n to this day fulfil;
 They are thy faithful Subjects all,
 And Servants of thy Will.

I've seen an end of what we call
 Perfection here below;
 But thy Commandments, like thy self,
 No Change or Period know.

B 2

PSALM

Thy

Lord's-day, I.

[4]

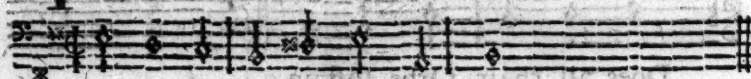
Forenoon.

PSALM CXIX. v. 33. Proper Tune.

To be Sung before the Sermon.



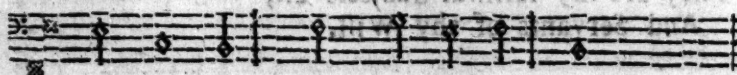
Instruct me in thy Statutes Lord,



Thy righteous Paths display ;



And I from them through all my Life,



Will never go a-stray.



If thou true Wisdom from a-bove



on.

Lord's-day, I.

[5]

Forenoon.

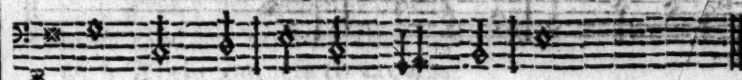
me.



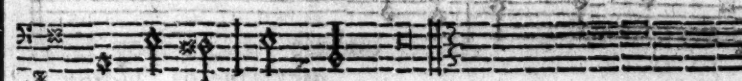
Wilt graciously impart,



To keep thy perfect Laws, I will



Devote my zealous Heart.



Do thou to thy most just Commands,

Incline my willing Heart.

Let not delight of Worldly Wealth,

From thee my Thoughts divert.

In Truth, substantial Peace have they

Who truly love, thy Law,

No smiling Mischief them can tempt,

Nor frowning Danger awe.

Directed therefore by thy Word,

Let all my Footsteps be ;

Nor wickedness of any kind

Dominion have o're me.

On me devoted to thy Fear,

Lord make thy Face to shine ;

Thy Statutes both to know, and keep,

My Heart with Zeal incline.

B 3.

PSALM.

on.

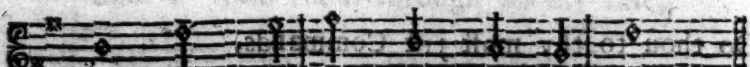
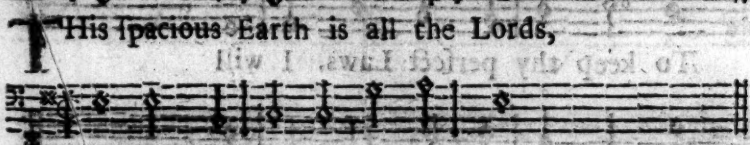
Lord's-day, I.

[7]

Afternoon.

PSALM XXIV. St. Marys Tune.

To be Sung at home ; Or before Evening Service
begins ; Or after the Second Lesson.



His spacious Earth is all the Lords,
The Lords her fulness is ;
The World, and they that dwell therein
By sov'reign Right are his.
He fram'd, and fix'd it on the Seas,
and his Almighty Hand
Upon inconstant Floods has made
the stable Fabrick stand.

But

But for himself this Lord of all
 one chosen Seat design'd;
 O who shall to that Sacred Hill
 desir'd Admittance find?

The Man whose Hands and Heart are pure,
 whose Thoughts from Pride are free;
 Who honest Poverty prefers
 to gainful Perjury.

This, this is he, on whom the Lord
 shall show'r his Blessings down,
 Whom God his Saviour shall vouchsafe
 with Righteousness to crown.

Such is the Race of Saints, by whom
 the sacred Courts are trod;
 And such the Profelytes that seek
 the Face of Jacob's God.

Erect your Heads, eternal Gates,
 unfold, to entertain
 The King of Glory: see he comes,
 with all his shining Train.

Who is this King of Glory? who?
 the Lord for Strength renown'd,
 In Battel mighty, o'er his Foes
 eternal Victor crown'd.

Erect your Heads, ye Gates, unfold
 in state, to entertain
 The King of Glory: see he comes
 with all his shining Train.

Who is this King of Glory? who?
 the Lord of Hosts renown'd:
 Of Glory he alone is King,
 who is with Glory crown'd.

PSALM CXIX. v. 1.

To be Sung before Sermon.

The Proper Tune.

HOW Blest are they who always keep,
The pure and perfect way;
Who never from the sacred paths
Of Gods Commandments stray.
How Blest, who to his Righteous Laws,
Have still obedient been;
And have with fervent humble Zeal
His Favour sought to win!

Such Men their utmost Caution use
To shun each wicked deed;
But in the Path which he directs,
With constant care proceed.
Thou strictly hast enjoin'd us Lord,
To Learn thy sacred will;
And all our diligence employ
Thy statutes to fulfil.

O Then! that thy most Holy Will
Might o're my ways preside;
And I the course of all my Life,
By thy direction Guide.
Then with assurance should I walk,
From all Confusion free;
Convinc'd with Joy, that all my ways
With thy Commands agree.

PSALM.

on.

Lord's-day, I.

[9]

Afternoon.

PSALM LXXXIV. *Windsor Tune.*

To be Sung after Evening Service is over in
Church; Or on a Sunday Evening in a Family.



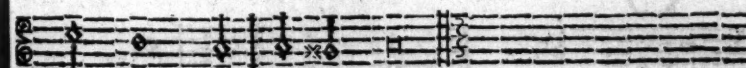
O God of Hosts, the mighty Lord,



How lovely is the place



Where thou, enthron'd in Glory, shew'st



The Brightness of thy Face.



My longing Soul faints with Desire,

To view thy blest Abode,

My panting Heart and Flesh cry out

For thee the living God.

The

M.

Lord's-day II

[10]

Evening

The Birds more happy far than I,
Around thy Temple throng;
Securely there they build, and there
Securely hatch their Young.

O Lord of Hosts, my King and God,
How highly blest are they
Who in thy Temple always dwell,
And there thy Praise display!

Thrice happy they, whose Choice has Thee
Their sure Protection made;
Who long to tread the sacred ways
That to thy Dwelling lead!

PSALM XCV.

Proper to be Sung at Home; Or at Church, before the beginning of Divine Service; Or after the Second Lesson.

The 10 Commandment Tune, Or as the 100 Ps.



O Come, loud Anthems let us Sing,

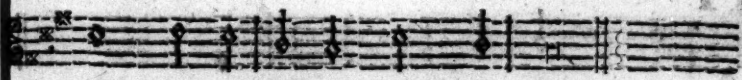
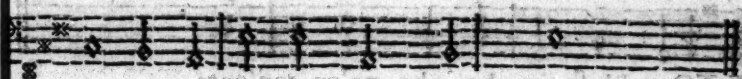


Loud Thanks to our Almighty King;

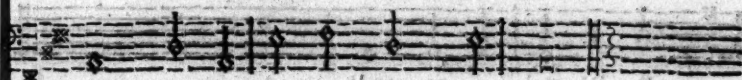




For we our Voices high should raise,



When our Salvation's Rock we praise.



Into his Presence let us haste,
To thank him for his Favours past;
To him Address in joyful Songs,
The Praise that to his Name belongs.

For God the Lord enthron'd in State,
Is with unrival'd Glory Great.
A King superior far to all,
Whom by his Title, God we call.

The Depths of Earth are in his hand,
Her secret wealth at his command;
The strength of hills that reach the skies,
Subjected to his Empire lies.

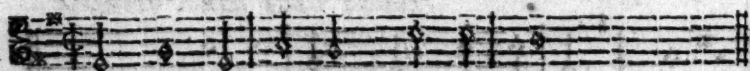
The rousing Ocean's vast Abyss
By the same sov'reign right are his;
'Tis mov'd by his Almighty hand,
That form'd and fix'd the solid Land.

O Let us to his Courts repair,
And bow with Adoration there,
Down on our Knees devoutly all,
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

PSALM.

PSALM I. Proper Tune.

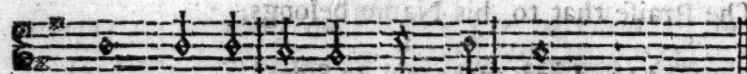
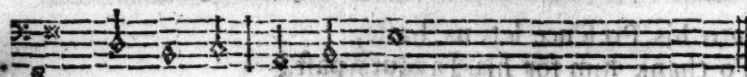
To be Sung between the First and Second Service.



HOw Blest is he who ne'er consents,



By ill Advice to walk;



Nor stands in Sinners ways, nor sits,



Where Men prophanely talk.



But makes the perfect Law of God,



voice.

His Business, and Delight ;

Devoutly reads therein by Day,

And Meditates by Night.

Like some fair Tree, which fed by Streams,

Her timely Fruit does bend :

He still shall Flourish, and Success

All his Designs attend.

Ungodly Men, and their attempts,

No lasting Root shall find :

Untimely blasted, and dispers'd,

Like Chaff before the Wind.

Their Guilt shall strike the Wicked down,

Before their Judges Face.

No formal Hypocrite shall then

Amongst the Saints take place.

For God approves the just Mans ways,

To Happiness they tend:

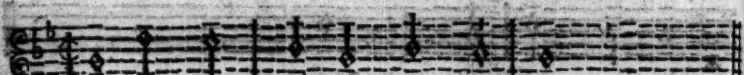
But Sinners, and the paths they tread,

Shall both in Ruin end.

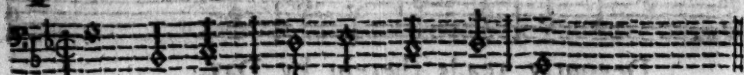
PSALM

PSALM. CXXVI. *Bristol Tune.*

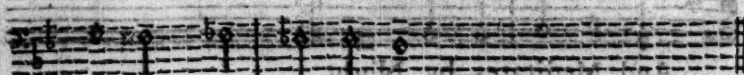
Proper to be Sung before Sermon.



TIs time, high time for thee, O Lord,



Thy Vengeance to employ,



When men with open Violence



Thy Sacred Law Destroy.



Yet their contempt of thy Commands,
But makes their value rise,
In my Esteem: who purest Gold,
Compar'd with them, despise.

Thy

Thy Precepts therefore I account,
In all respects, Divine;
They teach us to discern the right,
And all false ways decline.

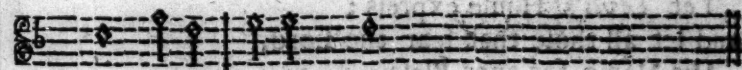
On me devoted to thy fear,
The Sacred skill bestow,
That of thy Testimonies I
The full extent may know.

PSALM CXXXV. Exeter Tune.

To be Sung at Home; Or at Church, before the
beginning of Divine Service; Or after the
Second Lesson.



O Praise the Lord with one consent,

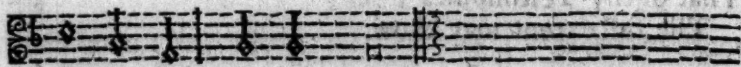


And Magnifie his Name :

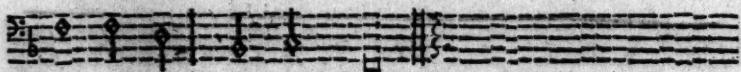




Let all the Servants of the Lord,



His worthy Praise proclaim.



Praise him all ye that in his House,
Attend with constant Care,
With those that to his utmost Courts,
With humble Zeal repair.

For this our truest Interest is,
Glad Hymns of praise to Sing :
And with loud Songs to bless his Name,
A most delightful thing.

For God his own peculiar Choice,
The Sons of *Jacob* makes:
And *Israel's* Off-spring for his own
Most valu'd treasure takes.

Their sense of his unbounded Love,
Let *Levi's* House express ;
And let all those that fear the Lord,
His Name for ever Bless.

Let all with Thanks his wondrous Works,
In *Sion's* Courts proclaim ;
Let them in *Salem*, where he dwells,
Exalt his Holy Name.

That

That God is great, we often have
By glad experience found;
And seen how he with wond'rous pow'r
Above all Gods is Crown'd.

For he with unresist'd strength,
Performs his Sov'reign will;
In Heav'n, and Earth, and watry stores
That Earth's deep Caverns fill.

Those Idols, whose false Worship spreads
O're all the Heathen Lands,
Are made of Silver, and of Gold,
The work of Human Hands.

They move not their fictitious Tongues,
Nor see with polish'd Eyes;
Their counterfeited Ears are deaf,
No Breath their Mouth Supplies.

As senseless as themselves are they,
That all their skill apply,
To make them, or in dang'rous Times,
On them for aid rely.

Their just Returns of Thanks to God,
Let grateful *Isr'el* pay;
Nor let the Priests of *Aaron's* Race
To Bless the Lord delay.

PSALM CXIX. v. 129.

To be Sung before Sermon.

The Proper Tune.

TH E wonders which thy Law contains,
No Words can represent;
Therefore to learn and practice them
My zealous Heart is bent.
The very entrance to thy Word,
Celestial Light displays;
And knowledge of true Happiness
To simplest minds conveys.

With eager Hopes I waiting stood,
And fainted with desire,
That of thy wise Commands I might
The Sacred Skill acquire.
With favour Lord look down on me
Who thy relief implore;
As thou art wont to visit those
Who thy blest Name adore.

Directed by thy Heavenly Word,
Let all my Footsteps be.
Nor Wickedness of any Kind,
Dominion have o'er me.
On me devoted to thy Fear,
Lord make thy Face to Shine:
Thy Statutes both to know, and keep,
My Heart with Zeal incline.

PSALM. CXIX. V. II.

The Proper Tune.

To be Sung after Evening Service is over in a Church ; Or on a Sunday Evening in a Family.

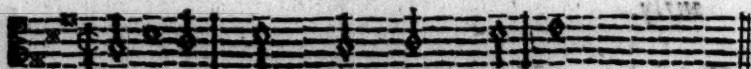
SAfe in my Heart, and closely hid,
Thy Word, my Treasure, lies,
To succor me with timely Aid,
When sinful Thoughts arise.
Secur'd by that my grateful Soul
Shall ever bless thy Name ;
O teach me then by thy just Laws
My future Life to frame.

My Lips, unlock'd with pious Zeal,
To others have declar'd,
How well the Judgments of thy Mouth
Deserve our best regard.
Whilst in the way of thy Commands
More solid Joy is found,
Than had I been with vast increase,
Of envy'd Riches crown'd.

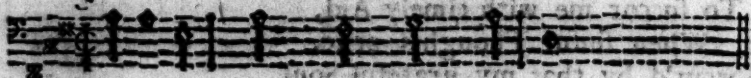
Therefore thy Just and Righteous Laws,
Shall always fill my Mind ;
And those sound Rules which thou prescrib'st
all due Respect shall find.
To keep thy Statutes undefac'd,
Shall be my constant joy,
The strict remembrance of thy Word
Shall all my Thoughts employ.

PSALM XCIX. *Canterbury Tune.*

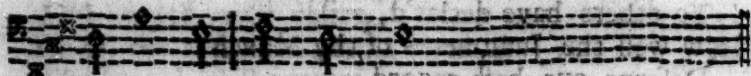
To be Sung at Home; or at Church before the beginning of Morning Prayer, or after the Second Lesson.



Ebouvab Reigas, let therefore all



The guilty Nations quake,



On Cherub's Wings he sits enthron'd:



Let Earth's Foundation shake.



PSALM

On

On *Sion's* Hill he keeps his Court,
His Palace makes her Tow'rs;
Yet thence his Sov'reignty extends
Supreme o'er earthly Pow'rs;

Let therefore all with Praise address
His great and dreadful Name;
And with his unresist'd Might,
His Holiness proclaim.

For Truth and Justice in his Reign,
Of Strength and Power take Place;
His Judgments are with Righteousness
Dispens'd to *Jacobs* Race.

Therefore exalt the Lord our God,
Before his Footstol fall;
And with his unresist'd Might,
His Holiness Extol.

Moses and *Aaron* thus of Old
Amongst his Priests ador'd;
Amongst his Prophets *Samuel* thus
His Sacred Name Implor'd.

Distress upon the Lord they Call'd,
Who ne'er their Suit deny'd;
But, as with Rev'rence they implor'd,
He graciously reply'd.

With Worship therefore at his Courts,
Exalt our God and Lord;
For he, who only holy is,
Alone should be ador'd.

PSALM XLVI. *St. David's Tune.*

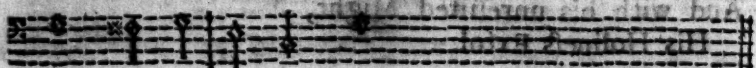
To be Sung between the First and Second Service.



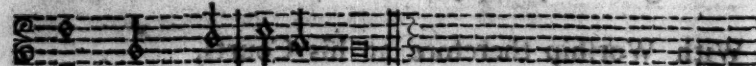
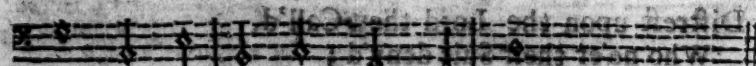
O Praise the Lord with Hymns of joy,



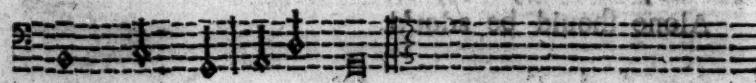
And Celebrate his Fame;



For pleasant, Good, and Comely 'tis,



To Praise his holy name.



Great is the Lord, and great his Pow'r ;

His Wisdom has no Bound :

The Meek he raises, and throws down

The Wicked to the Ground.

He

He covers Heav'n with Clouds, and thence
 Refreshing Rain bestows :
 Through him, on Mountain-tops the Grass
 With wond'rous Plenty Grows.

By him his Statutes and Decrees
 To Jacob's Sons were shown,
 And still to Israel's chosen Seed
 His righteous Laws are known

No other Nation this can boast,
 Nor did he e're afford,
 To Heathen Lands his Oracles,
 And Knowledge of his Word.

PSALM XXV. *Southwell Tune.*

To be Sung before Sermon.

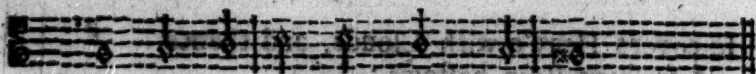


TO me thy Truth impart,



And lead me in thy way;





For thou art he that brings me help



On thee I wait all day.



Thy Mercies and thy Love,
O Lord, recal to mind;
And graciously continue still
As thou wert ever kind.

Let all my youthful Crimes
Be blotted out by thee;
And for thy wond'rous Goodness sake
In Mercy look on me.

Since Mercy is the Grace
That most exalts thy Fame,
Forgive my Heinous Sin, O Lord,
And so advance thy Name.

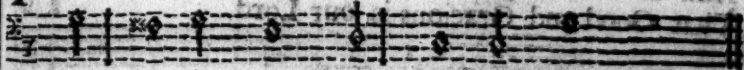
PSALM CXI. *Musick Tune.*

Or as the 100 Psalm.

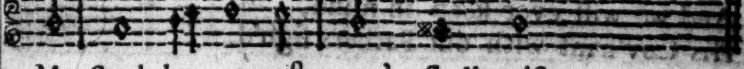
*Proper to be Sung at Home; Or at Church in the
Afternoon before the beginning of Divine Ser-
vice; Or after the second Lesson.*



Praise ye the Lord our God, to Praise



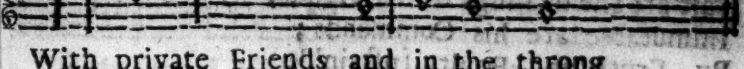
My Soul her utmost pow'r shall raise,



With private Friends and in the throng



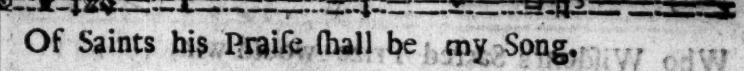
Of Saints his Praise shall be my Song.



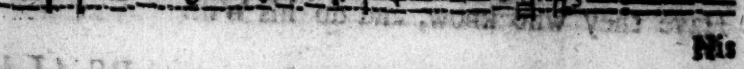
Of Saints his Praise shall be my Song.



Of Saints his Praise shall be my Song.



Of Saints his Praise shall be my Song.



His Works for Greatness tho' renown'd,
His wond'rous Works with ease are found
By those who seek for them aright,
And in the pious search delight.

His Works are all of matchless Fame,
And univ'rsal Glory claim;
His truth confirm'd through Ages past,
Shall to eternal ages Last.

By precept he has us enjoyn'd
To keep his wond'rous works in mind;
And to Posterity record
That Good and Gracious is our Lord.

His Bounty like a flowing Tide,
Has all his Servants once supply'd:
And we will ever keep in mind,
His Cov'nant with our Fathers sign'd.

At once astonish'd and o'erjoy'd,
They saw his Matchless Powers employ'd;
Whereby the Heathen were suppress'd,
And we their Hostages possess'd.

Just are the dealings of his Hands,
Immutable are his Commands;
By Truth and Equity sustain'd,
And for eternal Rules ordain'd.

He set his Saints from Bondage free,
And then establish'd his Decree,
For ever to remain the same;
Holy and Reverend is his Name.

Who Wisdom's Sacred Prize would win,
Must with the Fear of God begin;
Immortal Praise, and Heavenly Skill
Have they who know, and do his Will.

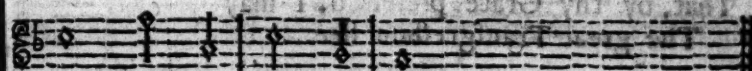
PSALM XIX. Part 2.

London New Tune.

To be Sung before the Sermon.



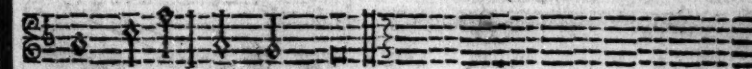
G Od's perfect Law converts the Soul;



Reclaims from false desires ;



With Sacred Wisdom his sure Word



The Ignorant Inspires.



The Statutes of the Lord are Just,
And bring sincere Delight ;
His pure commands in search of Truth,
Assist the feeble fight.

My trusty Councillors they are,
And Friendly warnings give ;
Divine Rewards attend on those
who by thy Precepts live.

But what frail Man observes how oft
He does from Vertue fall ?
O cleanse me from my secret Faults,
Thou God that know'st them all.

Let no presumptuous Sin, O Lord,
Dominion have o'er me ;
That, by thy Grace preserv'd, I may
The great Transgression flee.

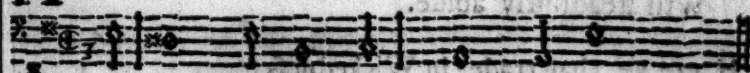
So shall my Pray'r and Praises be
With thy Acceptance blest ;
And I secure, on thy Defence,
My Strength and Saviour, rest.

PSALM CXIX. v. 103. Worcester Tune.

To be Sung after Evening Service is over in Church; Or on a Sunday Evening in a Family.



How Sweet are all thy Words to me,



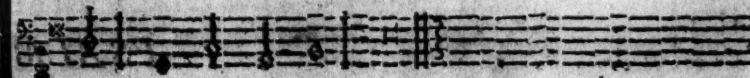
O what Divine Repasts!



How much more grateful to my Soul,



Than Honey to my Taft.



Taught

Taught by thy Sacred Precepts, I
With Heav'nly Skill am Blest,
Thro' which the treacherous ways of Sin
I utterly Detest.

Thy Word is to my feet a Lamp,
The way of Truth to show.
A Watch-light to point out the Path,
In which I ought to go.

I Swear, (and from my Solemn Oath
Will never start aside,)
That in thy righteous Judgments I
Will steadfastly abide.

Hence ye that trade in Wickedness,
approach not my Abode ;
For firmly I resolve to keep
The Precepts of my God.

According to thy gracious Word,
From Danger set me free
Nor make me of those Hopes ashamed
That I repose on thee.

PSALM

PSALM CL. As the 100 Psalm.

To be Sung at Home ; Or at Church before the beginning of Morning Prayer ; or after the Second Lesson.

O Praise the Lord in that blest Place,
From whence his Goodness largely flows ;
Praise him in Heav'n, where he his Face
Unveil'd in perfect Glory shows.

Praise him for all the mighty Acts
Which he in our behalf has done ;
His Kindness this Return exacts,
With which our Praise should equal run.

Let the shrill Trumpet's warlike Voice
Make Rocks and Hills his Praise rebound ;
Praise him with Harp's melodious Noise,
And gentle Psaltry's silver Sound.

Let Virgin-Troops soft Timbrels bring,
And some with graceful Motion dance ;
Let Instruments of various Strings,
With Organs join'd, his Praise advance.

Let them who joyful Hymns compose,
To Cymbals set their Songs of Praise ;
Cymbals of common use, and those
That loudly sound on solemn Days.

Let all that vital Breath enjoy,
The Breath he does to them afford,
In just returns of Praise employ ;
Let every Creature praise the Lord.

PSALM LXXXI. Patt 2.

The Proper Tune.

To be Sung between the First and Second Service.



While I my solemn Will declare,



My chosen People, hear;



If thou, O Isr'el, to my Words



Wilt lend thy list'ning Ear;



PSALM

Then

Then shall no Gods beside my self

Within thy Coasts be found,

Nor shalt thou worship any God,

Of all the Nations round.

The Lord thy God am I, who thee
Brought forth from *Egypt's* Land ;
'Tis I that all thy just desires
Supply with lib'ral Hand.
But they, my chosen Race, refus'd
To hearken to my Voice ;
Nor would rebellious *Frae'l's* Sons
Make me their happy Choice.

So I provok'd, resign'd them up,
To ev'ry Lust a Prey;
And in their own perverse Designs,
Permitted them to stray.
O that my People wisely would
My just Commandments heed!
And *Is'el* in my righteous ways
With pious Care proceed!

Then should my heavy Judgments fall
On all that them oppose;
And my avenging Hand be turn'd
Against their num'rous Foes.
Their Enemies and mine, should all
Before my Foot-stool bend;
But as for them, their happy State
Should never know an End.

All parts with Plenty should abound;
With finest wheat their Field:
The barren Rocks, to please their taste,
Should richest Honey yield.

GLORIA PATRI.

*To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
The God whom we adore,
Be Glory; as it was, is now,
and shall be evermore.*

PSALM CVI.

As the 10 Commandment Tune.

To be Sung before the Sermon in the Forenoon.

O Render Thanks to God above,
The Fountain of Eternal Love;
Whose Mercy firm thro' Ages past
Has Stood, and shall for ever last.

Who can his mighty deeds express
Not only Vast, but Numberless?
What Mortal Eloquence can raise
His Tribute of Immortal Praise?

Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy Judgments never stray;
Who know what's right, nor only so,
But always practise what they know.

Extend to me that favour Lord,
Thou to thy Chosen dost afford;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy Salvation visit me.

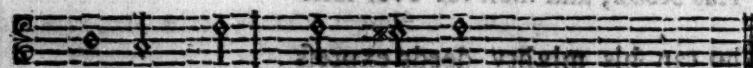
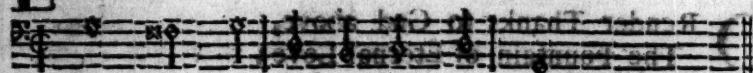
O! may I worthy prove to see
Thy Saints in full Prosperity!
That I the joyful Choire may joyn,
And count thy People's Triumph mine.

PSALM XV. Peterborough Tune.

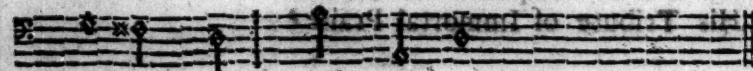
To be Sung at Home; Or at Church before the
beginning of Evening Service; Or after the
Second Lesson.



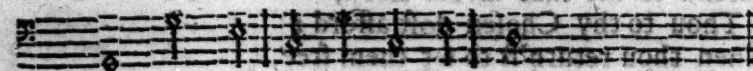
Lord, who's the happy Man that may,



To thy blest Courts repair;



Not stranger-like, to Visit them,



But to in-ha-bit there?



'Tis he, whose ev'ry Thought and Deed,
By rules of Virtue moves ;
Whose gen'rous Tongue disdains to speak
The thing his Heart disproves.

Who never did a Slander forge,
His Neighbours Fame to Wound ;
Nor hearken to a false Report,
By Malice whisper'd round.

Who Vice, in all its Pomp and Pow'r,
Can treat with Just neglect ;
And Piety, tho' cloath'd in Rags,
Religiously respect.

Who to his plighted Vows and Trust
Has ever firmly stood :
And tho' he Promise to his Loss,
He makes his Promise good.

The Man, who by this steady Course
Has Happiness ensur'd,
When Earths Foundation shakes, shall stand,
By Providence secur'd.

PSALM LXXIII. Commandment Tune.

To be Sung before Sermon.

AT length, by certain Proofs, 'tis plain
That God will to his Saints be kind;
That all, whose Hearts are pure and clean,
Shall his protecting Favour find.

Till this sustaining Truth I knew,
My flagg'ring Feet had almost fail'd;
I griev'd the Sinners Wealth to view,
And envy'd when the Fools prevail'd.

Thy to the Grave in Peace descend,
And whilst they live are hail and strong;
No Plagues or Troubles them offend,
Which oft to other Men belong.

Then have I cleans'd my Heart (said I)
And wash'd my Hands from Guilt in vain,
If all the day oppress'd I lie,
And ev'ry morning suffer Pain.

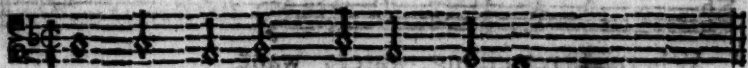
To fathom this my thoughts I bent,
But found the case too hard for me;
Till to the House of God I went,
Then I their End did plainly see.

How high soe'er advanc'd, they all
On slipp'ry Places loosely stand;
Thence into Ruine headlong fall.
Cast down by thy avenging Hand.

Consider then 'tis good and just
That we should still to God repair;
In him that w'always put our Trust,
And still his wond'rous Works declare.

PSALM LXIII. Proper Tune.

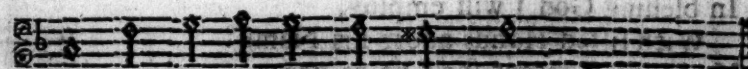
To be Sung after Evening Service is over in Church ; Or on a Sunday Evening in a Family.



O God, my gracious God, to thee,



My Morning Pray'rs shall offer'd be ;



For thee my thirsty Soul does pant ;



My fainting Flesh implores thy Grace,



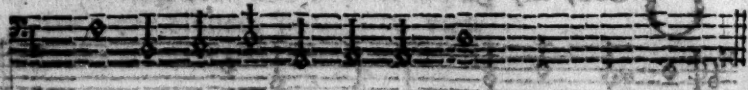
With



Within this dry and barren place,



Where I refreshing waters want.



O to my longing Eyes once more

That View of glorious Pow'r restore,

Which thy majestick House displays:

Because to me thy wond'rous love

Than Life it self does dearer prove,

My Lips shall always speak thy Praise.

My Life, while I that Life enjoy,

In blessing God I will employ,

With lifted Hands adore his Name:

My Soul's Content shall be as great,

As theirs who choicest Dainties eat,

while I with Joy his Praise proclaim.

When down I lie sweet Sleep to find,

Thou, Lord, art present to my Mind,

And when I wake in dead of Night:

Because thou still dost Succour bring,

Beneath the Shadow of thy Wing,

I rest with Safety and Delight.

A Supplement of Select Psalms
to be Sung occasionally upon any
Lord's Day instead of any of the fore-
going; according to the Discretion of
the Minister or his Clark.

PSALM LXVII.

To be Sung as a Psalm of Prayer for all Condi-
tions of Men.



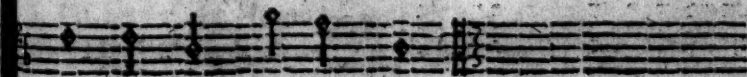
To bless thy chosen Race, in mercy Lord incline;



And cause the brightness of thy face,



on all thy saints to shine.



That so thy wond'rous ways
 May through the World be known;
 Whilst distant Lands the Tribute pay,
 And thy Salvation own.

Let diff'ring Nations join
 To Celebrate thy Fame;
 Let all the World, O Lord, combine
 To praise thy glorious name.

O let them shout and sing,
 With Joy and pious Mirth;
 For thou, the Righteous Judge and King,
 Shalt govern all the Earth.

Let diff'ring Nations join
 To Celebrate thy Fame;
 Let all the World, O Lord, Combine
 To praise thy glorious name.

Then shall the teeming Ground
 A large Increase disclose;
 And we with plenty shall be Crown'd,
 Which God, our God bestows.

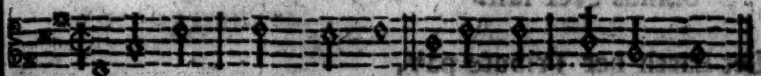
Then God upon our Land
 Shall constant Blessings show'r;
 And all the World in awe shall stand,
 Of his resistless Pow'r.

PSALM

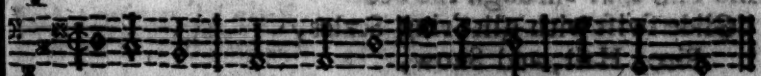
Thou
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PSALM CXLVIII

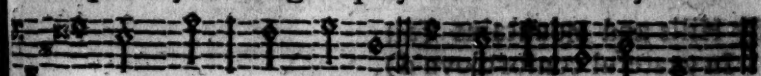
Proper Tune.

To be Sung as a general Thanksgiving.

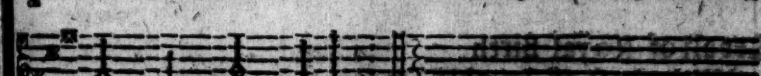
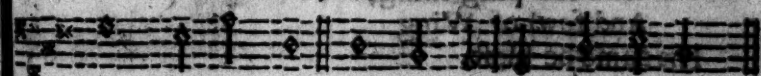
YE boundless Realms of joy, exalt your makers Fame;



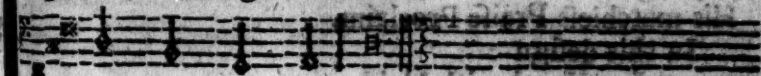
His praise your Song employ above the starry Frame



Your Voices raise, Ye Cherubims and Sera—



—phims, to sing his Praise,



L Thou Moon, that rul'st the night,

And Sun that guid'st the day,

Ye glitt'ring Stars of Light.

To him your Homage pay :

His Praise declare

Ye Heav'ns above,

And Clouds that move

In liquid Air.

E z

Let

Let them adore the Lord,
 And praise his holy name,
 By whose Almighty Word
 They all from nothing came;
 And all shall last
 From changes free;
 His firm Degree
 Stands ever fast.

Let Earth her Tribute pay,
 Praise him, ye dreadful Whales,
 And Fish that through the Sea
 Glide swift with glittering Scales,
 Fire, Hail, and Snow,
 And misty Air,
 And Winds that, where
 He bids them, blow.

By Hills and Mountains (all
 In grateful consort joyn'd)
 By Cedars stately tall,
 And Trees for Fruit design'd.
 By ev'ry Beast,
 And creeping thing,
 And fowl of Wing
 His name be blest.

Let all of Royal Birth
 With those of humble Frame,
 And Judges of the Earth,
 His matchless Praise Proclaim.
 In this design
 Let Youth with Maids
 And hoary Heads
 With Children joyn.

United Zeal be shown,
 His wond'rous Fame to raise,
 Whose glorious name alone
 Deserves our endless praise.
 Earth's utmost Ends
 His Pow'r obey :
 His glorious Sway,
 The Sky transcends.

His chosen Saints to Grace
 He sets them up on high,
 And Favours Isr'els Race
 Who still to him are nigh.
 O therefore raise
 Your grateful Voice,
 And still rejoice
 The Lord to praise.

PSALM CXIII.

Proper Tune.

*To be Sung also as a Psalm of General Thanksgiv-
 ing.*



YE Saints and Servants of the Lord,



The Triumphs of his name Record,



E 3

His



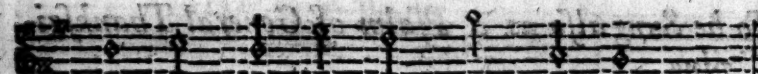
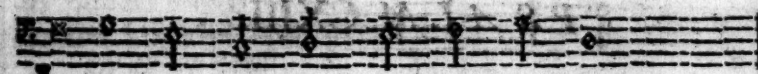
His Sacred name for ever blest;



Where e're the circling Sun displays,



His rising Beams or setting Rays;




Due praise to his great Name address,




God through the World extends his sway;




The




The Regions of e-ter-nal Day.




But shadows of his glory are ;



With him whose Ma-je-s-ty excels,



Who made the Heav'n in which he dwells ;



Let no created pow'r compare.

PSALM CXXV.

Proper Tune.

To be Sung at any time in Assurance of God's preservation of his Church.



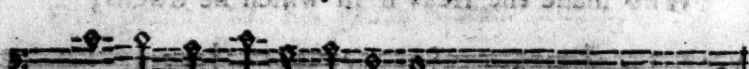
W Ho place on Sion's God their trust,



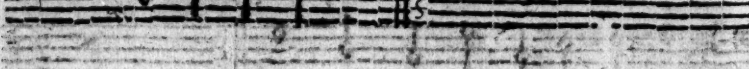
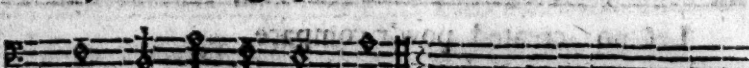
Like Sion's Rock shall stand,



Like her immoveably be fixt;



By his almighty Hand.



Look

Look how the Hills on ev'ry side
 Jerusalem inclose,
 So stands the Lord around his Saints
 To guard 'em from their Foes.

The Wicked may afflict the Just,
 But ne'er too long oppress,
 Nor force him by despair to seek
 Base means for his redress.

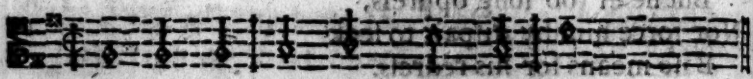
Be good, O righteous God, to those
 Who righteous deeds affect;
 The Heart that Innocence retains,
 Let Innocence protect.

All those who walk in crooked Paths,
 The Lord shall soon destroy;
 Cut off th' unjust, but Crown the Saints
 With lasting peace and joy.

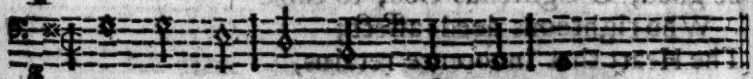
PSALM

PSALM XX. *Westminster Tune.*

*A Psalm of Prayer for the Queen and the Success
of Her Councils, more especially in time of War.*



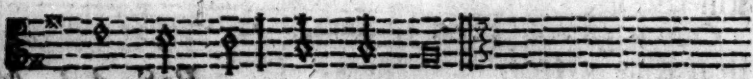
T He Lord to thy Re---quest attend,



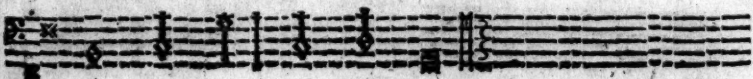
and hear thee in Distress;



The Name of Jacob's God defend,



And grant thy Arms Success.



To aid thee from on high repair
 And strength from *Sion* give;
 Remember all thy Off'rings there;
 Thy Sacrifice receive.

To Compass thy own Hearts desire
 Thy Counsels still direct;
 Make kindly all events conspire
 To bring them to effect.

To thy Salvation, Lord, for aid
 who chearfully repair,
 With Banners in thy name display'd,
 The Lord accept their Pray'r.

Our Hopes are fixt, that now the Lord,
 Our Sovereign will defend,
 From Heav'n resistless Aid afford,
 And to Her Pray'r attend.

Some trust in Steeds for War design'd,
 On Chariots some rely,
 Against them all, we call to mind
 The Pow'r of God most high.

But from their Steeds and Chariots thrown
 Behold them, on the plain,
 Disorder'd, broke, and traml'd down,
 Whilst firm our Troops remain.

Still save us, Lord, and still proceed
 Our Righteous Cause to bless,
 Hear King of Heav'n, in times of need,
 The Pray'rs that we address.

PSALM

PSALM CXLIV. V. 5.

In time of War.

IN solemn state O God descend,



Whilst Heav'n its lofty Head inclines,



The Smoking Hills a-flame descend,



Of thy Approach the awful Signs.



Discharge thy dreadful Lightning round,

And make thy scatter'd foes Retreat

Them with thy pointed Arrows wound ;

And their destruction soon complet.

Do thou, O Lord, from Heav'n engage

Thy boundless Pow'r my Foes to quell,

And snatch me from the stormy rage

Of threatening Waves that proudly swell.

Fight

Fight thou against my foreign Foes
 Who utter Speeches false and vain;
 Who tho' in Solemn Leagues they close,
 Their Sworn Engagements ne'er maintain.

So I to thee O King of Kings,
 In new made Hymns my Voice shall raise,
 And Instruments of Various Strings
 Shall help me thus to sing thy praise.

God does to Kings his aid afford,
 To them his sure Salvation sends,
 'Tis he that from the Murd'ring Sword,
 His Servant David still defends.

Fight thou against my foreign Foes
 Who utter Speeches false and vain,
 Who tho' in solemn Leagues they close
 Their Sworn Engagements ne'er maintain.

Then our young Sons like Trees shall grow
 Well planted in some fruitful place
 Our Daughters shall like Pillars show
 Design'd some Royal Court to grace.

Our garners fill'd with various store
 Shall us and ours with plenty feed
 Our Sheep encreasing more and more
 Shall Thousands and ten Thousands breed.

Strong shall our lab'ring Oxen grow
 Nor in their constant labour faint
 Whilst we no War, nor slav'ry know
 And in our Streets hear no complaint.

Thrice happy is that Peoples Case
 Whose various Blessings thus abound;
 Who God's true Worship still embrace
 And are with his protection Crown'd.

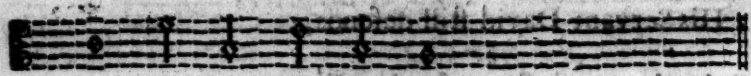
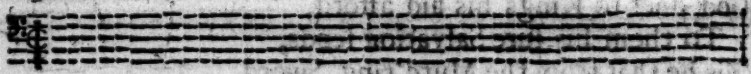
PSALM

PSALM IX. Part I.

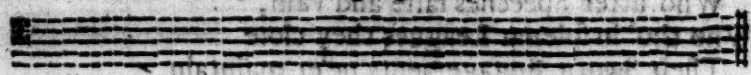
A Thanksgiving upon a Victory, over any great Persecutor and Oppressor of God's Church.



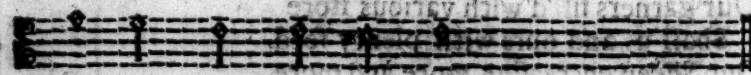
T O celebrate thy Praise, O Lord,



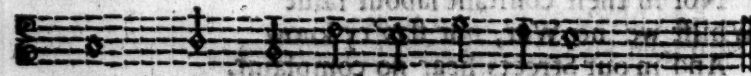
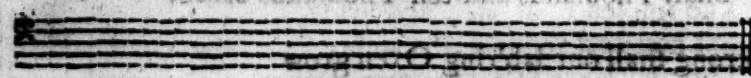
I will my Heart prepare



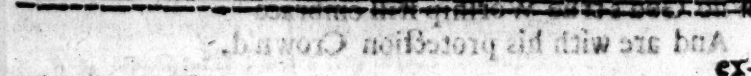
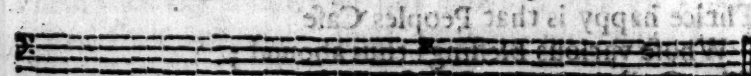
To all the lift-nig World thy works,



thy wond'rous Works declare,




The thought of them shall to my Soul



PSALM


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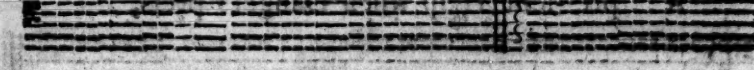
Ex—al—ted Pleasure bring,



Whilst to. thy Name, O thou most High!



Tri—ump—hant Praise I'll sing.



Thou mad'st our lofty Foes to turn
 Their Backs in shameful flight:
 Struck with thy presence down they fell,
 They perish'd at thy sight.
 Against insulting Foes advanc'd,
 Thou didst my cause maintain.
 My right asserting from thy Throne,
 Where Truth and Justice Reign.

The Insolence of Heathen Pride,
 Thou hast reduc'd to Shame;
 Their wicked Off rings quite destroy,
 And blotted out their name.
 Mistaken Foes! Your haughty Threats,
 Are to a Period come:
 Our City stands, which you design'd
 To make our common Tomb.

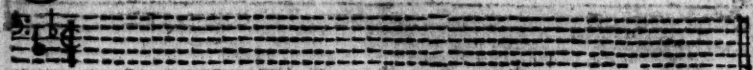
PSALM

P S A L M XLVI

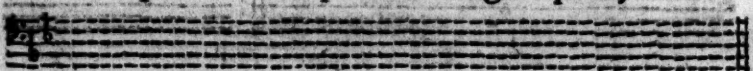
A Psalm of Thanksgiving, to be Sung upon the Conclusion of a Peace.



God is our Refuge in Distress,



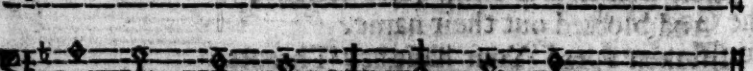
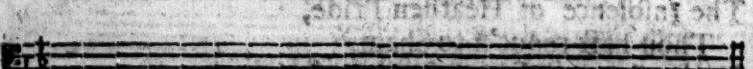
A present Help when Dangers press,



In him un-daunt-ed we'll confide:



Tho Earth were from her Center tost



And Mountains in the Ocean lost,



MIK 29

Torn



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Torn piece-meal by the roaring Tide.



A gentler stream with gladness fill
The city of our God shall fill,
The Royal Seat of God most high:
God dwells in *Sion*, whose fair Towers
Shall mock th' assault of earthly Pow'rs,
While his Almighty Aid is nigh.

In Tumults when the Heathen rag'd,
And Kingdoms Wars against us wag'd,
He thunder'd and dispers'd their Pow'rs:
The Lord of Hosts conducts our Arms,
Our Strength and refuge in Alarms,
Our Fathers Guardian-God and ours.

Come see the wonders he hath wrought
On Earth what desolation brought,
How he has calm'd the jarring World:
He broke the Warlike Spear and Bow,
With them their Thundring Chariots too
Into devouring Flames are hurl'd.

Submit to God's Almighty Sway,
For him the Heathen shall obey,
And Earth her Sovereign Lord confess:
The God of Hosts conducts our Arms,
Our Tow'r of refuge in Alarms,
As to our Fathers in distress.

P S A L M LXV. Part II.

*To be Sung in times of Plenty.***T**hou, Lord, dost barb'rous Lands difmay

When they thy dreadful Tokens view:

With Joy they see the Night and Day

Each others Tracks by turns pursue.

From out thy unexhausted store,

Thy Rain relieves the thirsty Ground,

Makes Lands that Barren were before,

With Corn and useful Fruits abound.

On rising Ridges down it pours,

And ev'ry furrow'd Valley fills;

Thou mak'st them soft with gentle show'rs

In which a blest increase diffills.

Thy goodness does the circling Year,

With fresh returns of Plenty Crown;

And where thy glorious Paths appear,

Thy fruitful Clouds drop fatness down.

They drop on Barren Forrests, chang'd

By them to Pastures fresh and green;

The Hills about in order rang'd

In beaut'ous Robes of Joy are seen.

Large flocks with Fleecy Wool adorn

The chearful Downs; the Vallies, bring

A plenteous Crop of full ear'd Corn,

And seem for Joy to shout and sing.

P S A L M

P S A L M CVII. v. 33.

To be Sung in times of Dearth.

A Fruitful Land where Streams abound,
 God's just revenge if People Sin,
 Will turn to dry and barren Ground,
 To punish those that dwell therein.

The parch'd and desert Heath he makes
 To flow with Streams and springing Wells;
 Which for his Lot the hungry takes,
 And in strong Cities safely dwells.

He Sows the Field; the Vineyard plants,
 Which gratefully his toil repay;
 Nor can, whilst God his blessing grants,
 His fruitful Seed or Stock decay.

But when his sins Heav'n's wrath provoke,
 His health and substance fade away,
 He feels th' Oppressors galing Yoke,
 And is of grief the wretched prey.

The Prince who slights what God commands,
 Expos'd to scorn, must quit his Throne,
 And over wild and Desert Lands,
 Where no path offers, stray alone;

Whilst God, from all afflicting cares,
 Sets up the humble Man on high,
 And makes in time his Num'rous Herds
 With his encreasing Flocks to vie.

Then Sinners shall have nought to say
 The just a decent joy shall show;
 The wise these strange events shall weigh,
 And thence Gods goodness fully know.

P S A L M XC. v. 5.

To be sung in a time of great Mortality.

THou sweep'st us off as with a Flood,
We vanish hence like dreams;
At first we grow like grass that feels
the Suns reviving Beams.

But howsoever fresh and fair
Its morning Beauty shows.
Tis all cut down and wither'd quite
Before the Ev'ning close,

We by thine Anger are consum'd,
And by thy wrath dismay'd,
Our publick Crimes, and secret sins
Before thy sight are laid.

Beneath thine Anger's sad effects,
Our drooping days we spend;
Our unregarded years break off,
Like Tales that quickly end.

But who thy Anger's dread effects,
Does, as he ought revere?
And yet thy wrath does fall or rise,
As more or less we fear.

O to thy servants, Lord return,
And speedily relent!
As we forsake our sins, do thou
Revoke our punishment.

To satisfie and chear our souls,
Thy early Mercy send;
That we may all our Days to come,
In Joy and Comfort spend.

Let happy Times with large amends
 Dry up our former Tears;
 Or equal at the last the Term,
 Of our afflicted Years.

To all thy Servants, Lord, let this
 Thy wond'rous Works be known,
 And to our Offspring yet unborn,
 Thy Glorious Pow'r be shown.

P S A L M CIII.

*A Thanksgiving Psalm to be Sung after times of
 great Mortality.*

MY Soul, inspired with sacred Love,
 God's Holy Name for ever bless;
 Of all his Favours mindful prove,
 And still thy grateful thanks express.

'Tis he that all thy Sins forgives,
 And after Sickneſs makes thee Sound;
 From Danger he thy Life retrieves,
 By him with Grace and Mercy crown'd.

The Lord abounds with tender Love,
 And unexamp'd acts of Grace,
 His waken'd wrath doth ſlowly move,
 His willing mercy flows apace.

God will not always harſhly chide,
 But with his anger quickly part;
 And loves his puniſhments to guide
 More by his love than our deſert.

As high as Heav'n its Arch extends;
 Above this little spot of clay;
 So much his boundless love transcends
 The small Respects that we can pay.

As far as 'tis from East to West,
 So far has he our Sins remov'd;
 Who with a Father's tender Breast
 Has such as fear him always lov'd.

For God, who all our frame surveys,
 Considers that we are but Clay:
 How fresh soe'er we seem, our days,
 Like Grass or Flow'rs must fade away.

While they are nipt with sudden blasts,
 Nor can we find their former place;
 God's faithful Mercy ever lasts,
 To those that fear him, and their Race.

This shall attend on such as still
 proceed in his appointed way;
 And who not only know his will,
 But to it just obedience pay.

P S A L M XC v. 12

To be Sung at a Funeral.

O Lord, the Saviour and Defence
Of us thy chosen Race,
From Age to Age thou still hast been,
Our sure abiding place.

Before thou brought'st the Mountains forth,
Or th' Earth and World didst frame,
Thou always wert the mighty God,
And ever art the same.

Thou turnest Man, O Lord, to dust,
Of which he first was made;
And when thou speak'st the Word, *Return*,
'Tis instantly obey'd.

For in thy sight a Thousand Years
are like a Day that's past,
Or like a Watch in dead of Night,
Whose Hours unmind'd waste.

Our Term of Time is sev'nty Years,
An Age that few survive;
But if with more than common strength,
To eighty we arrive.

Yet then our boasted strength decays,
To Sorrow turn'd and pain,
So soon the slender Thread is cut,
And we no more remain.

So teach us Lord! th' uncertain Sum
Of our short Days to mind,
That to true Wisdom all our Hearts
May ever be inclin'd.

PSALM XLIX. v. 10.

To be Sung also at a Funeral.

Not Wisdom can the Wise exempt,
 Nor Fools their Folly save;
 But both must perish and in Death
 Their wealth to others leave.

And tho' they think their Stately Seats
 Shall ne'er to Ruin fall;
 But their Remembrance last, in Lands
 Which by their Names they call:

Yet shall their Fame be soon forgot;
 How great soe're their state;
 With Beasts their Memory and they
 Shall share one common Fate.

Then fear not thou tho' worldly Men
 In envy'd Wealth abound,
 Nor tho' their prosp'rous House encrease,
 With State and Honour Crown'd.

For when they'r summon'd hence by Death,
 They leave all this behind;
 No Shadow of their former pomp
 Within the Grave they find.

For Man, how great soe're his State,
 Unless he's truly wise,
 As like a sensual Beast he lives,
 So like a Beast he dies.

Psalms

Psalms and Hymns proper to be
 Sung on the Stated Festivals of
 the Church ; *Viz.* Christmas,
 Easter, and Whitsunday.

L U K E II. from v. 8. to v. 15.

*To be Sung at Home ; Or at Church before the be-
 ginning of Morning Prayer ; Or after the Se-
 cond Lesson.*

WHILE Shepherds watch'd their Flocks by Night,
 All seated on the Ground,
 The Angel of the Lord came down,
 And Glory shone around.

" Fear not, said he, (for mighty dread

" Had seiz'd their troubl'd Mind)

" Glad Tidings of great Joy I bring

" To you and all Mankind ;

" To you in *David's Town* this day

" Is born of *David's Line*,

" The Saviour who is Christ the Lord ;

" And this shall be the Sign ;

" The Heav'nly Babe you there shall find,

" To Humane View display'd,

" All meanly wrapt in Swathing Bands,

" And in a Manger laid.

Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining Throng
Of Angels praising God, and thus
Address'd their Joyful Song ;

All Glory be to God on high,
And to the Earth be Peace ;
Good-will, henceforth, from Heav'n to Men,
Begin and never cease.

P S A L M XLV.

To be Sung between the First and Second Service.

WHilst I the King's loud Praise rehearse,
Endited by my Heart,
My Tongue is like the Pen of him
That writes with ready Art.

How matchless is thy Form, O King!
Thy Mouth with Grace o'erflows ;
Because fresh Blessings God on thee
Eternally bestows.

P S A L M XLV. 2 v. 3.

To be Sung before Sermon.

Gird on thy Sword, most mighty Prince,
And clad in rich Array,
With glorious Ornaments of Pow'r,
Majestick Pomp display.

Ride on in state, and still protect
The Meek, the Just, and True;
Whilst thy Right Hand with swift Revenge
Does all thy Foes pursue.

How sharp thy Weapons are to them
That dare thy Pow'r despise;
Down, down they fall, while through their Hearts
The Feather'd Arrow flies.

But thy firm Throne, O Lord, is fix'd
For ever to endure;
Thy Scepter's sway shall always last,
By righteous Laws secure.

Because thy Heart, by Justice led,
Did upright ways approve:
And hated still the crooked Paths
Where wandring Sinners rove.

Therefore did God, thy God, on thee
The Oil of Gladness shed.
And has above thy Fellows round
Advanc'd thy lofty Head.

P S A L M LXXXIX.

*To be Sung at Home before Evening Prayer begins ;
Or after the Second Lesson.*

TH Y Mercies, Lord, shall be my Song,
My Song on them shall ever dwell ;
To Ages yet unborn, my Tongue
Thy never failing Truth shall tell.

I have affirm'd, and still maintain,
Thy Mercy shall for ever last ;
Thy Truth, that does the Heav'ns sustain,
Like them shall stand for ever fast.

Thus spak'st thou, by thy Prophet's Voice,
" With *David* I a League have made ;
" To him, my Servant and my Choice,
" By Solemn Oath this Truth convey'd ;

" While Earth, and Seas, and Skies endure
" Thy Seed shall in my sight remain ;
" To them thy Throne I will ensure,
" They shall to endless Ages reign :

For such stupendious Truth and Love
Both Heav'n and Earth just Praises owe ;
By Choirs of Angels sung above,
And by assembl'd Saints below :

With Rev'rence and religious Dread,
His Saints should to his Temple press ;
His Fear thro' all their Hearts should spread,
Who his Almighty Name confess.

P S A L M LXXXV.

To be Sung before Sermon.

Lord, thou hast granted to thy Land,
The Favours we implor'd ;
And faithful *Jacob's* captive Race
Hast graciously restor'd.

The People's Sins thou hast forgiv'n,
And all their Guilt defac'd ;
Thou hast not let thy Wrath flame on,
Nor thy fierce Anger last.

O Lord our Saviour, all our Hearts
To thy Obedience turn ;
That, quencht with our repenting Tears,
Thy Wrath no more may burn.

Thy gracious Favour, Lord, display,
Which we have long implor'd ;
And for thy wond'rous Mercy's sake
Thy wonted Aid afford.

For Mercy now with Truth is join'd ;
And Righteousness with Peace,
Like kind Companions absent long,
With friendly Arms embrace.

Truth from the Earth shall spring, whilst Heav'n
Shall Streams of Justice pour ;
And God, from whom all Goodness flows,
Shall endless Plenty show'r.

Before him Righteousness shall march,
And his just Paths prepare ;
Whilst we his Holy Laws pursue,
With constant Zeal and Care.

P S A L M CX.

To be Sung after Sermon in the Afternoon ; Or in a
Family at Evening Prayer.

As the 63 Psalm.

THE Lord unto my Lord thus spake,
Till I thy Foes thy Footstool make,
‘ Sit thou in state, at my Right-hand ;
‘ Supreme in *Sion* thou shalt be,
‘ And all thy proud Opposers see
‘ Subjected to thy just Command.

‘ Thee, in thy Pow’rs triumphant Day,
‘ The willing Nations shall obey,
‘ And when thy rising Beams they view,
‘ Shall all (redeem’d from Error’s Night)
‘ Appear as numberless and bright
‘ As Chrystal Drops of Morning Dew.

The Lord has sworn, nor sworn in vain,
That like *Melchisedeck’s*, thy Reign
And Priesthood shall no Period know :
No proud Competitor to fit
At thy Right-hand will he permit ;
But in his Wrath Crown’d Heads o’erthrow.

The Sentenc’d Heathen he shall slay,
And fill with Carcasses his way,
Till he has struck Earth’s Tyrant dead.
But in the high-way Brook shall first,
Like a poor Pilgrim, slake his Thirst,
And then in Triumph raise his Head.

A H Y M N.

To be Sung on Easter-day in the Morning in a Family ; Or at Church before Divine Service begins ; Or after the Second Lesson.

SINCE Christ our Passover is slain
A Sacrifice for all ;
Let all with thankful Hearts agree
To keep the Festival.

Not with the Leaven, as of Old,
Of Sin and Malice fed ;
But with unfeign'd Sincerity,
And Truth's Unleaven'd Bread.

Christ being rais'd by Pow'r Divine,
And rescu'd from the Grave,
Shall die no more, Death shall on him
No more Dominion have ;

For that he dy'd, 'twas for our Sins
He once vouchsaf'd to Die,
But that he lives, he lives to God
For all Eternity.

So count your selves as dead to Sin,
But graciously restor'd,
And made henceforth alive to God,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

P S A L M II.

To be Sung between the First and Second Service.

The first Psalm Tune.

WITH restless and ungovern'd Rage,
Why do the Heathen Storm?
Why in such rash Attempts engage,
As they can ne'er perform?
The Great in Counsel and in Might,
Their various Forces bring;
Against the Lord they all unite,
And his Anointed King.

Must we submit to their Commands,
Presumptuously they say?
No, let us break their slavish Bands,
And cast their Chains away.
But God, who sits enthron'd on high,
And sees how they combine,
Does their conspiring Strength defie,
And mocks their vain Design.

Thick Clouds of Wrath divine shall break
On his rebellious Foes;
And thus will he in Thunder speak
To all that dare oppose.
"Tho' madly you dispute my Will,
"The King that I ordain,
"Whose Throne is fixt on Sion's Hill,
"Shall there securely reign.

P S A L M II. v. 7.

To be Sung before Sermon.

The First Psalm Tune.

Attend, O Earth, whilst I declare
God's uncontroll'd Decree,
Thou art my Son, this day my Heir
I have begotten thee.
Ask, and receive thy full demands,
Thine shall the Heathen be ;
The utmost Limits of the Lands
Shall be possess'd by thee.

Thy threatening Scepter thou shalt shake,
And crush them ev'ry where ;
As Massy Bars of Iron break
The Potter's brittle Ware.
Learn then, ye Princes, and give Ear
Ye Judges of the Earth ;
Worship the Lord with holy Fear,
Rejoice with awful Mirth.

Appease the Son with due respect,
Your timely Homage pay ;
Lest he revenge the bold neglect,
Incens'd by your delay.
If but in part his Anger rise,
Who can endure the Flame ?
Then blest are they, whose Hope relies
On his most Holy Name.

P S A L M

P S A L M CXVIII. v, 18.

To be Sung at Home ; Or at Church before the beginning of Evening Service ; Or after the Second Lesson.

Bristol Tune.

When God had sorely me Chastiz'd,
Till quite of Hopes bereav'd ;
His Mercy from the Gates of Death
My fainting Life repriev'd.

Then open wide the Temple-Gates
To which the Just repair ;
That I may enter in, and praise
My great Deliv'rer there.

Within those Gates of God's Abode,
To which the Righteous press ;
Since thou hast heard, and set me safe,
Thy holy Name I'll bless.

That which the Builders once refus'd,
Is now the Corner-stone ;
This is the wond'rous work of God,
The work of God alone.

This Day is God's ; let all the Land
Exalt their cheerful Voice :
Lord, we beseech thee save us now,
And make us still rejoice.

God is the Lord, thro' whom we all
Both Light and Comfort find ;
Fast to the Altar's Horn, with Cords,
The chosen Victim bind.

P S A L M LVII. v. 7.

To be Sung before Sermon.

TO take me they their Net prepar'd,
And had almost my Soul ensnar'd,
But fell themselves by just Decree,
Into the Pit they made for me.

O God, my Heart is fixt, 'tis bent
Its thankful Tribute to present;
And with my Heart, my Voice I'll raise
To thee, my God, in Songs of Praise.

Awake my Glory, Harp and Lute,
No longer let your Strings be mute;
And I my tuneful part to take,
Will with the Early Dawn awake.

Thy Praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the Lift'ning Nations round;
Thy Mercy highest Heaven transcends;
Thy Truth beyond the Clouds extends.

Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy Glory fills the Skie,
So let it be on Earth display'd,
Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.

PSALM

P S A L M CXIII.

To be Sung after Evening Service is over in the Church ; Or in the Evening in a Family.

As the 63 Psalm.

YE Saints and Servants of the Lord,
The Triumphs of his Name record,
His Sacred Name for ever bless,
Where e'er the circling Sun displays
His rising Beams, or setting Rays,
Due praise to his great Name address.

God through the World extends his Sway,
The Regions of Eternal Day,
But shadows of his Glory are,
With him whose Majesty excels,
Who made the Heaven in which he dwells,
Let no Created Pow'r compare.

Tho' 'tis beneath his State to view
In highest Heaven what Angels do,
Yet he to Earth vouchsafes his Care.
He takes the Needy from his Cell,
Advancing him in Courts to dwell,
Companion to the greatest there.

When Childless Families despair,
He sends the Blessing of an Heir,
To rescue their expiring Name ;
Makes her that Barren was, to bear,
And joyfully her fruit to rear,
O then Extol his matchless Fame.

A H Y M N.

To be Sung in the Morning in a Family ; Or at Church before Divine Service begins ; Or after the Second Lesson.

St. Mary's Tune.

Come Holy Ghost, Creator, come,
Inspire the Souls of thine,
Till ev'ry Heart which thou hast made,
Is fill'd with Grace Divine.

Thou art the Comforter, the Gift
Of God, and Fire of Love ;
The Everlasting Spring of Joy,
And Uction from above.

Thy Gifts are manifold, thou writ'st
God's Laws in each true Heart.
The promise of the Father, thou
Dost Heavenly Speech impart.

Enlighten our dark Souls, till they
Thy Sacred Love embrace ;
Assist our Minds, (by Nature frail)
By thy Coelestial Grace.

Drive far from us the Mortal Foe,
And give us Peace within ;
That by thy Guidance blest, we may
Escape the Snares of Sin.

Teach us the Father to confess,
And Son from Death reviv'd,
And with them both, thee, Holy Ghost,
Who art from both deriv'd.

With

With thee, O Father, therefore may
The Son from Death restor'd,
And Sacred Comforter, one God,
Devoutly be ador'd.

As in all Ages heretofore
Has constantly been done ;
As now it is, and shall be so,
When Time his Course has run.

P S A L M XLVIII. v. 8.

To be Sung between the First and Second Service.

IN *Sion* we have seen perform'd
A Work that was foretold,
In pledge that God, for times to come
His City will uphold.

Let *Sion's* Mount with joy resound,
Her Daughters all be taught,
In Songs his Judgments to Extel,
Who this Deliv'rance wrought.

The Lord is ours, and will be ours,
Whilst we in him confide ;
Who as he has preserv'd us now,
Till Death will be our Guide.

PSALM LXVII.

To be Sung before Sermon.

Southwell Tune.

TO bless thy chosen Race,
In Mercy Lord incline;
And cause the brightness of thy Face
On all thy Saints to shine.

That so thy wond'rous ways,
May through the World be known;
Whilst distant Lands their Tribute pay,
And thy Salvation own.

Let diff'ring Nations join
To celebrate thy Fame:
Let all the World, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious Name.

O let them shout and sing
With Joy, and pious Mirth:
For thou the Righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the Earth.

Let diff'ring Nations join
To celebrate thy Fame;
Let all the World, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious Name.

P S A L M CXLV.

To be Sung at Home before Evening Prayer begins ; Or after the Second Lesson.

Thee will I bless, my God and King,
Thy endless Praise proclaim ;
This Tribute daily will I bring,
And ever bless thy Name.

Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great,
And highly to be prais'd ;
Thy Majesty's with boundless Height,
Above our Knowledge rais'd.

Renown'd for mighty Acts, thy Fame
To future Times extends ;
From Age to Age thy Glorious Name
Successively descends.

Whilst I thy Glory and Renown,
And wond'rous Works express ;
The World with me thy Might shall own,
And thy great Pow'r confess.

The Praise that to thy Love belongs,
They shall with Joy proclaim ;
Thy Truth, of all their grateful Songs,
Shall be the constant Theme.

The Lord is good ; fresh Acts of Grace
His Pity still supplies ;
His Anger moves with slowest pace ;
His willing Mercy flies.

P S A L M CXLV. v. 9.

To be Sung before Sermon.

TH Y Love through Earth extends it's Fame,
To all thy Works exprest ;
These shew thy Praise, whilst thy great Name
Is by thy Servants blest.

They, with the glorious Prospect fir'd,
Shall of thy Kingdom speak ;
And thy great Pow'r, by all admir'd,
Their lofty Subject make.

God's glorious Works of ancient date
Shall thus to all be known ;
And thus his Kingdom's Royal State,
With publick Splendor shown.

His stedfast Throne, from Changes free,
Shall stand for ever fast ;
His boundless Sway no end shall see,
But Time it self out-last.

PSALM CXLV. Part II.

To be Sung after Sermon in the Afternoon; Or in a Family at Evening Prayer.

THE Lord does them support that fall,
And makes the prostrate rise;
For his kind Aid all Creatures call,
Who timely Food supplies.

Whate'er their various Wants require,
With open Hand he gives;
And so fulfills the just Desire
Of every thing that lives.

How holy is the Lord, how just!
How righteous all his Ways!
How nigh to him, who with firm Trust,
For his Assistance prays!

He grants the full Desire of those
Who him with Fear adore;
And will their Troubles soon compose,
When they his Aid implore.

The Lord preserves all those with Care,
Whom grateful Love employs;
But Sinners who his Vengeance dare,
With furious Rage destroys.

My Time to come, in Praises spent,
Shall still advance his Fame,
And all Mankind with one Consent,
For ever blest his Name.

Psalms proper to be Sung on the
Stated Fasts of the Church, viz.
On Ash-Wednesday, and in the
time of Lent ; And on Good-
Friday ; Which also may be us'd
as Penitentials in our more pri-
vate Devotion.

- P S A L M XXXIV. Part II.

*To be Sung at Home before the beginning of Mor-
ning Prayer ; Or after the Second Lesson.*

Approach, ye piously dispos'd,
And my Instructions hear.
I'll teach you the true Discipline
Of his religious fear.
Let him who length of Life desires,
And prosp'rous Days would see,
From stand'ring Language keep his Tongue ;
His Lips from Falshood free.

The crooked Paths of Vice decline,
And Vertue's ways pursue ;
Establish Peace where 'tis begun,
And where 'tis lost, renew.
The Lord from Heav'n beholds the Just
With favourable Eyes ;
And when distress'd, his gracious Ear
Is open to their Cries.

But turns his wrathful Look on those
Whom Mercy can't reclaim,
To cut them off, and from the Earth
Blot out their hated Name,
Deliv'rance to his Saints he gives,
When his Relief they crave.
He's nigh to heal the broken Heart,
And contrite Spirit save.

P S A L M XXXVIII.

To be Sung between the First and Second Service.

THY Chast'ning wrath, O Lord, restrain,
Tho' I deserve it all;
Nor let at once on me the Storm
Of thy Displeasure fall.

My Sins, that to a Deluge swell,
My sinking Head o'erflow,
And for my feeble Strength to bear
Too vast a Burthen grow.

And with continual Grief oppress'd,
To sink I now begin:
To thee, O Lord, I will confess,
To thee bewail my Sin.

For sake me not, O Lord my God,
Not far from me depart;
Make haste to my Relief, O Thou,
Who my Salvation art.

P S A L M XXXII.

To be Sung before Sermon.

HE's blest, whose Sins have Pardon gain'd,
No more in Judgment to appear ;
Whose Guilt Remission has obtain'd,
And whose Repentance is sincere.

While I conceal'd the fretting Sore,
My Bones consum'd without Relief ;
All Day did I with Anguish roar ;
But no Complaints asswag'd my Grief.

No sooner I the Wound disclos'd,
The Guilt that tortur'd me within,
But thy Forgiveness interpos'd,
And Mercy's healing Balm pour'd in.

True Penitents shall thus succeed,
Who seek thee whilst thou may'st be found,
They from the common Deluge freed,
Shall see remorseless Sinners drown'd.

In my Instruction then confide,
You that would Truth's safe Path descry,
Your Progress I'll securely guide,
And keep you in my watchful Eye.

Submit your selves to Wisdom's Rule,
Like Men that Reason have attain'd ;
Nor like th' ungovern'd Horse and Mule,
Whose Fury must be curb'd and rein'd.

Sorrows on Sorrows multiply'd,
The harden'd Sinner shall confound,
But them who in his Truth confide,
Blessings of Mercy shall surround.

P S A L M CXXXI

To be Sung at Home ; Or at Church before Evening Prayer begins ; Or after the Second Lesson.

From lowest Depths of Woe,
To God I sent my Cry ;
Lord ! hear my supplicating Voice,
And graciously reply.

Shou'dst thou severely judge,
Who can the Tryal bear ?
But thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,
And quite renounce thy Fear.

My Soul with patience waits
For thee the living Lord ;
My Hopes are on thy Promise built,
Thy never-failing Word.

My longing Eyes look out
For thy enliv'ning Ray,
More duly than the Morning-Watch
To spy the dawning Day.

Let Is'el trust in God ;
No Bounds his Mercy knows ;
The plenteous Source and Spring from whence
Eternal Succour flows.

Whose friendly Streams to us
Supplies in Want convey ;
A healing Spring, a Spring to cleanse,
And wash our Guilt away.

P S A L M CXLIII.

To be Sung before Sermon.

LORD, hear my Pray'r, and to my Cry
Thy wonted Audience lend;
In thy accustom'd Faith and Truth
A gracious Answer send.

Nor at thy strict Tribunal bring
Thy Servant to be try'd;
For in thy sight no living Man
Can e'er be justify'd.

I call to mind the Days of old;
And wonders thou hast wrought:
My former Dangers and Escapes
Employ my musing Thought.

To thee my Hands in humble Prayer
I fervently stretch out;
My Soul for thy Refreshment thirsts,
Like Land opprest with Drought.

Hear me with speed; my Spirit fails,
Thy Face no longer hide;
Left I become forlorn like them
That in the Grave reside.

Thy Kindness early let me hear,
Whose Trust on thee depends;
Teach me the Way where I should go:
My Soul to thee ascends.

Thou art my God, thy righteous Will
Instruct me to obey;
Let thy good Spirit lead and keep
My Soul in thy right way.

PSALM LI.

To be Sung after Evening Service is over in the Church; Or at Evening Prayer at Home in a Family.

Southwell Tune.

HAve Mercy, Lord, on me,
As thou wert ever Kind;
Let me, oppress'd with Leads of Guilt,
Thy wonted Mercy find.

Wash off my foul Offence,
And cleanse me from my Sin;
For I confess my Crime; and see
How great my Guilt has been.

Withdraw not thou thy Help,
Nor cast me from thy sight;
Nor let thy holy Spirit take
Its everlasting Flight.

The Joy thy Favour gives
Let me again obtain;
And thy free Spirit's free support
My fainting Soul sustain.

So I thy righteous Ways
To Sinners will impart,
Whilst my Advice shall wicked Men
To thy just Laws convert.

Do thou unlock my Lips,
With Sorrow clos'd and shame,
So shall my Mouth thy wond'rous Praise
To all the World proclaim.

P S A L M XXII.

To be Sung at Home ; Or at Church before Divine Service ; Or after the Second Lesson.

The first Psalm Tune.

MY God, my God, why leav'st thou me,
When I with Anguish faint ?

O why so far from me remov'd,
And from my loud Complaint ?

All day, but all the day unheard,

To thee I do complain ;

With Cries implore Relief all night,

But cry all night in vain.

Yet thou art still the righteous Judge

Of Innocence oppress'd,

And therefore *Israel's* Praises are

Of right to thee address'd.

On thee our Ancestor's rely'd,

And thy Deliv'rance found ;

With pious Confidence they pray'd,

And with Success were crown'd.

But I am treated like a Worm,

Like none of human Birth :

Not only by the Great revil'd,

But made the Rabble's Mirth.

With Laughter all the gazing Crowd

My Agonies survey,

They shoot the Lip, they shake the Head,

And thus, deriding, say,

" In God he trusted, boasting oft,

" That he was Heaven's Delight ;

" Let God come down to save him now,

" And own his Favourite.

Good-Friday.

[66]

Forenoon.

" Withdraw not then so far from me,

" When Trouble is so nigh :

" O send me help ! thy help, on which

" I only can rely.

P S A L M XXII. Tv. 14.

To be Sung between the First and Second Service.

Canterbury Tune.

MY Blood like Waters spill'd, my Joints
Are rack'd and out of frame ;
My Heart dissolves within my Breast,
Like Wax before the Flame.

My Strength like Potter's Earth is parch'd,
My Tongue cleaves to my Jaws ;
And to the silent Shades of Death
My fainting Soul withdraws.

Like Blood-hounds to surround me, they
In packt Assemblies meet ;
They pierc'd my inoffensive Hands,
They pierc'd my harmless Feet.

My Body's rack'd till all my Bones
Distinctly may be told :
Yet such a Spectacle of Woe
As Pastime they behold.

As Spoil my Garments they divide,
Lots for my Vesture cast ;
Therefore approach, O Lord, my Strength,
And to my Succour haste.

P S A L M

P S A L M XXII. v. 20.

To be Sung before Sermon.

From their sharp Sword protect thou me,
 (Of all but Life bereft !)
 Nor let my Darling in the pow'r
 Of cruel Dogs be left :

To save me from the Lion's Jaws,
 Thy present Succour send ;
 As once, from goring Unicorn,
 Thou didst my Life defend :

Then to my Brethren I'll declare
 The Triumphs of thy Name,
 In presence of assembled Saints
 Thy Glory thus proclaim.

" Ye Worshipers of Jacob's God,
 " All you of Israel's Line,

" O praise the Lord, and to your Praise
 " Sincere Obedience join.

" He ne'er disdain'd on low Distress

" To cast a gracious Eye ;

" Nor turn'd from Poverty his Face,

" But hears its humble Cry.

Thus in thy sacred Courts will I

My chearful Thanks express ;

In presence of thy Saints perform

The Vows of my Distress.

P S A L M XL.

To be Sung at Home; Or at Church, before the
beginning of Evening Prayer; Or after the
Second Lesson.

W H O can the wond'rous Works recount,
Which thou, O God, for us hast wrought?
The Treasures of thy Love surmount
The pow'r of Numbers, Speech, or Thought.

I've learn'd, that thou hast not desir'd
Off'rings and Sacrifice alone;
Nor Blood of guiltless Beasts requir'd,
For Man's Transgression to atone.

I therefore come,—come to fulfill
The Oracles thy Books impart:
'Tis my Delight to do thy Will;
Thy Law is written in my Heart.

In full Assemblies I have told
Thy Truth and Righteousness at large;
Nor did, thou know'st, my Lips withhold
From utt'ring what thou gav'st in charge.

Nor kept within my Breast confin'd,
Thy Faithfulness and saving Grace,
But preach'd thy Love, for Aid design'd,
That all might that, and Truth Embrace.

Then let those Mercies I declar'd
To others, Lord, extend to me,
Thy loving Kindness my Reward,
Thy Truth my safe Protection be.

A N H Y M N.

To be Sung before Sermon.

THOU God, all Glory, Honour, Pow'r,
Art worthy to receive,
Since all things by thy Pow'r were made,
And by thy Bounty live.

And worthy is the Lamb, all Pow'r,
Honour, and Wealth to gain,
Glory and Strength; who for our Sins
A Sacrifice was slain.

All worthy thou who hast redeem'd,
And ransom'd us to God,
From ev'ry Nation, ev'ry Coast,
By thy most precious Blood.

Blessing and Honour, Glory, Pow'r,
By all in Earth and Heaven,
To him that sits upon the Throne,
And to the Lamb be given.

P S A L M

P S A L M LXIX. v. 6.

*To be Sung after Sermon in the Afternoon; Or in
a Family at Evening Prayer.*

LORD God of Hosts, take timely care,
Left for my sake thy Saints despair;
Since I have suffer'd for thy Name
Reproach, and hid my Face in Shame.

A Stranger to my Country grown,
Nor to my nearest Kindred known;
A Foreigner, expos'd to Scorn
By Brethren of my Mother Born.

For Zeal to thy lov'd House and Name
Consumes me like devouring Flame;
Concern'd at their Affronts to Thee,
More than at Slanders cast on me.

But, Lord, to thee, I will repair
For help, with humble timely Pray'r;
Relieve me for thy Mercies store,
Display thy Truth's preserving Pow'r.

Sacra-

[71]

Sacramental Hymns ; Or Psalms
proper to be Sung before, at,
or after Receiving of the Holy
Sacrament.

HYMN I. Rev. 19.

ALL ye who faithful Servants are
Of our Almighty King,
Both high and low, and small and great
His Praise devoutly sing.

Let us rejoice, and render Thanks
To his most Holy Name ;
Rejoice, rejoice, for now is come
The Marriage of the Lamb.

His Bride her self has ready made,
How pure and white her Dress !
Which is her Saints Integrity
And spotless Holiness.

Q therefore blest is every one
Who to the Marriage Feast
And holy Supper of the Lamb
Is call'd a welcome Guest.

HYMN II, Psalm 106. V. 12.

O What Return to God shall I
For all his Goodness make ?
I'll praise his Name, and with glad Zeal
The Cup of Blessing take.

By

By various Ties, O Lord, I must
 To thy Dominion bow,
 Thy humble Handmaid's Son before,
 Thy ransom'd Captive now.

To thee I'll Off'rings bring of Praise,
 And whilst I bless thy Name,
 The just performance of thy Vows
 To all thy Saints proclaim.

They, in Jerusalem shall meet,
 And in thy House shall join,
 To bless thy Name with one consent;
 And mix their Songs with mine.

HYMN III. Psalm 23.

THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
 Vouchsafes to be my Guide;
 The Shepherd by whose constant Care
 My Wants are all supply'd.

He does my wand'ring Soul reclaim,
 And, to his endless Praise,
 Instruct with humble Zeal to walk
 In his most righteous ways.

In presence of my spiteful Foes
 He does my Table spread,
 He crowns my Cup with chearful Wine,
 With Oil anoints my Head,

Since God doth thus his wond'rous Love
 Through all my Life extend;
 That Life to him I will devote,
 And in his Temple spend.

Festival

Festival *Psalms* and *Hymns*.

To be Sung on Days of Extraordinary
THANKSGIVING.

P S A L M CXXII. *St. Mary's Tune.*

*A Festival Psalm upon a Day of Thanksgiving
for the Church's or Nation's Success. To be
Sung at Home ; Or at Church before Service be-
gins : Or after the Second Lesson.*

O 'Twas a joyful Sound to hear
Our Tribes devoutly say,
Up Iſr'el to the Temple haſte,
And keep your Feſtal Day.

At Salem's Courts we muſt appear,
With our Aſſembl'd Pow'rs ;
In ſtrong and beauteous Order rang'd,
Like her united Tow'rs;

'Tis thither by Divine Command,
The Tribes of God repair,
Before his Ark to celebrate
His Name with Praise and Pray'r.

Tribunals stand Erected there,
Where Equity takes place ;
There stands the Courts and Palaces
Of Royal *David's* Race.

O pray we then for *Salem's* Peace,
For they shall Prosp'rous be,
Thou Holy City of our God,
Who bear true Love to Thee.

May Peace within thy Walls
A constant Guest be found,
With Plenty and Prosperity
Thy Palaces be Crown'd.

For my dear Brethren's sake, and Friends
No less than Brethren dear,
I'll pray, may Peace in *Salem's* Tow'rs
A constant Guest appear.

But most of all I'll seek thy good,
And ever wish thee well,
For *Sion* and the Temple's sake,
Where God vouchsafes to Dwell.

PSALM

PSALM XLVII.

To be Sung on a Day of Thanksgiving, between
the First and Second Service.

As the 100 Psalm.

O All ye People clap your Hands,
And with triumphant Voices Sing.
No Force the Mighty Power withstands,
Of God, the Universal King.

He shall opposing Nations quell,
And with Success our Battles fight;
Shall fix the place where we must dwell,
The Pride of Jacob, His Delight.

God is gone up, our Lord and King,
With shouts of Joy, and Trumpets Sound;
To him repeated Praises Sing,
And let the Cheerful Song go round.

your utmost Skill in Praise be shown,
For him who all the World Commands;
Who sits upon the righteous Throne,
And spreads his Sway o'er Heathen Lands.

Our Chiefs and Tribes, that far from hence,
To serve the God of Abraham came,
Found him their constant sure Defence:
How Great and Glorious is his Name!

P S A L M CXXIV.

*A Festival Hymn upon a Day of Thanksgiving for
the Church's and Nation's Success. To be Sung
before Sermon.*

London Tune.

HAd not the Lord (may *Isr^{el}* say)
Been pleas'd to Interpose ;
Had he not then espous'd our Cause,
When Men against us rose,

Their Wrath had swallow'd us alive,
And Rag'd without Controul ;
Their Spite and Pride's united Floods
Had quite o'erwhelm'd our Soul.

But prais'd be our Eternal Lord,
Who rescu'd us that Day,
Nor to their Savage Jaws gave up
Our threat'ned Lives a Prey.

Our Soul is like a Bird escap'd
From out the Fowler's Net.
The Snare is broke, their Hopes are crost,
And we at Freedom set.

Secure in his Almighty Name,
Our Confidence remains ;
Who, as he made both Heaven and Earth,
Of both sole Monarch Reigns.

P S A L M

P S A L M XCVI.

for
ng

*To be Sung on a Thanksgiving-Day, for the Church's
or Nation's Success, in a Family; Or at Church
before Morning Prayer begins; Or after the Se-
cond Lesson.*

As the 100 Psalm Tune.

Sing to the Lord a new-made Song;
Let Earth, in one assembled Throng,
Her common Patron's Praise resound.
Sing to the Lord, and bless his Name,
From day to day his Praise proclaim,
Who us has with Salvation crown'd.
To Heathen Lands his Fame rehearse,
His wonders to the Universe.

He's great, and greatly to be prais'd;
In Majesty and Glory rais'd
Above all other Deities:
For Pageantry and Idols all
Are they whom Gods the Heathen call.
He only rules who made the Skies.
With Majesty and Honour crown'd,
Beauty and Strength his Throne surround.

Be therefore both to him restor'd
By you, who have false Gods ador'd.
Ascribe due Honour to his Name;
Peace-off'rings on his Altar lay,
Before his Throne your Homage pay,
Which he, and he alone can claim.
To worship at his sacred Court
Let all the trembling World resort,

M

Proclaim aloud, *Jehovah* reigns,
Whose pow'r the Universe sustains,

And banisht Justice will restore ;
Let therefore Heav'n new Joys confess,
And heav'nly Mirth let Earth express,
Its loud Applause the Ocean roar,
Its mute Inhabitants rejoice,
And for this Triumph find a Voice.

For Joy let fertile Valleys sing,
The chearful Groves their Tribute bring ;
The tuneful Quire of Birds awake,
The Lord's Approach to celebrate,
Who now sets out with awful State,
His Circuit through the Earth to take.
From Heav'n to judge the World he's come,
With Justice to reward and doom.

P S A L M XCVII.

To be Sung between the First and Second Service.

The 10. Commandment Tune.

Jehovah reigns, let all the Earth
In his just Government rejoice ;
Let all the Isles with sacred Mirth,
In his Applause unite their Voice.

Darkness and Clouds of awful shade
His dazzling Glory shroud in state ;
Justice and Truth his Guards are made,
And fixt by his Pavillion wait.

Devouring Fire before his Face
His Foes around with Vengeance strook ;
His Lightnings set the World on blaze,
Earth saw it, and with Terror shook.

The proudest Hills his Presence felt,
 Their height nor strength could Help afford ;
 The proudest Hills like Wax did melt
 In presence of th' Almighty Lord.

The Heav'ns his Righteousness to show,
 With Storms of Fire our Foes pursu'd ;
 And all the trembling World below,
 Have his descending Glory view'd.

Confounded be their impious Host,
 Who make the Gods to whom they pray :
 All who of Pageant-Idols boast ;
 To him, ye Gods, your Worship pay.

Glad Sion of thy Triumph heard,
 And Judah's Daughters were o'er-joy'd :
 Because thy righteous Judgments, Lord,
 Have Pagan Pride and Pow'r destroy'd.

For thou, O God, art seated high,
 Above Earth's Potentates enthron'd :
 Thou, Lord, unrivall'd in the Sky,
 Supreme by all the Gods art own'd.

You, who to serve this Lord aspire,
 Abhor what's ill, and Truth esteem :
 He'll keep his Servants Souls entire,
 And them from wicked hands redeem.

For Seeds are sown of glorious Light,
 A future Harvest for the Just ;
 And Gladness for the Heart that's right,
 To recompence its pious Trust.

Rejoice, ye Righteous, in the Lord,
 Memorials of his Holiness
 Deep in your faithful Breasts record,
 And with your thankful Tongues confess.

P S A L M XCVIII.

*To be Sung before Sermon.**London Tune.*

Sing to the Lord a new-made Song,
Who wondrous things has done :
With his Right Hand and Holy Arm
The Conquest he has won.

The Lord has through th' astonisht World
Display'd his saving Might,
And made his righteous Acts appear
In all the Heathens sight.

Of *Israel's* House his Love and Truth
Have ever mindful been :
Wide Earth's remotest Parts the Pow'r
Of *Israel's* God have seen.

Let therefore Earth's Inhabitants
Their chearful Voices raise,
And all with universal Joy,
Resound their Maker's Praise.

With Harp and Hymns, soft Melody
Into the Consort bring ;
The Trumpet and shrill Cornet's sound,
Before th' Almighty King.

Let the loud Ocean roar her Joy,
with all that Seas contain :
The Earth and her Inhabitants
Joyn Consort with the Main.

With

With joy let Riv'lets swell to Streams,
To spreading Torrents they ;
And echoing Vales, from Hill to Hill,
Redoubled Shouts convey ;

To welcome down the World's great Judge,
Who does with Justice come,
And, with impartial Equity,
Both to reward and doom.

P S A L M LXXXIX. v. 8.

Musick Tune.

*To be Sung after Sermon on a Thanksgiving Day
for a Victory at Sea, or Land ; Or at Evening
Prayer at Home.*

L Ord God of Armies, who can boast
Of Strength or Pow'r, like thine renown'd ?
Of such a num'rous faithful Host,
As that which does thy Throne surround ?

Thou dost the lawless Sea controul,
And change the Prospect of the Deep ;
Thou mak'st the sleeping Billows rowl,
Thou mak'st the rowling Billows sleep.

Thou brak'st in pieces *Rahab's* Pride,
And did'st oppressing Pow'r disarm ;
Thy scatter'd Foes have dearly try'd
The Force of thy resistless Arm.

Thanksgiving-day, II. [82] *Afternoon*

In thee the sov'reign Right remains
Of Earth and Heav'n ; thee, Lord, alone,
The World, and all that it contains,
Their Maker and Preserver own.

The Poles on which the Globe does rest,
Were form'd by thy creating Voice ;
Tabor and *Herman*, East and West,
In thy sustaining Pow'r rejoice.

Thy Arm is mighty, strong thy Hand,
Yet, Lord, thou dost with Justice reign ;
Possess of absolute Command,
Thou Truth and Mercy dost maintain.

Happy, thrice happy they, who hear
Thy sacred Trumpet's joyful Sound ;
Who may at Festivals appear,
With thy most glorious Presence crown'd.

Thy Saints shall always be o'erjoy'd,
Who on thy sacred Name rely ;
And in thy Righteousness employ'd,
Above their Foes be rais'd on high.

For in thy Strength they shall advance,
Whose Conquests from thy Favour spring.
The Lord of Hosts is our Defence,
And *Israel's* God our *Israel's* King.

PSALM

P S A L M XCII.

Musick Tune.

*To be Sung after Sermon on a thanksgiving Day
for a Victory at Sea, or Land; Or at Evening
Prayer at Home.*

HOW good and pleasant must it be
To thank the Lord most high;
And, with repeated Hymns of praise,
His Name to magnifie?

With ev'ry Morning's early Dawn,
His goodness to relate;
And of his constant Truth, each Night,
The glad Effects repeat?

To ten-string'd Instruments we'll sing,
With tuneful Psalt'ries joyn'd,
And to the Harp with solemn Sounds,
For sacred use design'd.

For thro' thy wondrous works, O Lord,
Thou mak'st my Heart rejoice;
The thoughts of them shall make me glad,
And shout with chearful Voice.

How wondrous are thy Works, O Lord,
How deep are thy Decrees!
Whose winding Tracts, in secret laid,
No stupid Sinner sees.

He little thinks, when wicked Men,
Like Grass, look fresh and gay,
How soon their short-liv'd Splendour must
For ever pass away.

But

But thou, my God, art still most High,
And all thy lofty Foes,
Who thought they might securely sin,
Shall be o'erwhelm'd with Woes.

Whilst thou exalt'st my sov'reign Pow'r,
And mak'st it largely spread ;
And with refreshing Oil anoint'st
My consecrated Head.

I soon shall see my stubborn Foes
To utter Ruine brought ;
And hear the dismal End of those
Who have against me fought.

But righteous Men, like fruitful Palms,
Shall make a glorious show ;
As Cedars that on *Lebanon*
In stately order grow.

These, planted in the House of God,
Within his Courts shall thrive ;
Their Vigour and their Lustre both
Shall in old Age revive.

Thus will the Lord his Justice shew :
And God my strong Defence,
Shall due Rewards to all the World
Impartially dispense.

Psalms proper to be Sung
on a Day of Fasting and
Humiliation, to Implore
the Mercies of God to-
wards the Church and
Nation.

PSALM XLIV. Part I.

Canterbury Tune.

*To be Sung in a Morning on a Fast Day in a Fa-
mily ; Or in Church before the beginning of Di-
vine Service ; Or after the Second Lesson.*

O Lord, our Fathers oft have told
In our attentive Ears,
Thy Wonders in their days perform'd,
And elder Times than theirs :

How Thou, to plant them here, didst drive
The Heathen from this Land ;
Dispeopled by repeated Strokes
Of thy avenging Hand.

For

For not their Courage nor their Sword
To them Possession gave ;
Nor Strength, that from unequal Force
Their Fainting Troops could save ;

But thy Right-Hand, and pow'rful Arm,
Whose Succour they implor'd,
Thy Presence with the chosen Race,
Who thy great Name ador'd.

As Thee their God our Fathers own'd,
Thou art our Sov'reign King ;
O therefore, as thou didst to them,
To us Deliv'rance bring.

Thro' thy victorious Name our Arms
The proudest Foe shall quell,
And crush 'em with repeated Strokes
As oft as they rebel.

I'll neither trust my Bow nor Sword,
When I in Fight engage ;
But Thee, who hast our Foes subdu'd,
And sham'd their spiteful Rage.

To Thee the Triumph we ascribe,
From whom the Conquest came ;
In God we will rejoice all Day,
And ever bless his Name.

P S A L M LXXX. Part I.

As the 100 Psalm Tune.

To be Sung between the First and Second Service.

O Israel's Sheppard, Joseph's Guide,
Our Prayers to thee vouchsafe to hear;
Thou that dost on the Cherubs ride,
Again in solemn State appear.

Behold how Benjamin expects,
With Ephraim and Manasseh join'd,
In our Deliverance the Effects
Of thy resistless strength to find.

Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
The Lustre of thy Face display;
And all the Ills we suffer now,
Like scatter'd Clouds, shall pass away.

For us the Heathen Nations round,
As for a common Prey, contest;
Our Foes with spiteful joy abound,
And would at our Destruction jest.

Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
The Lustre of thy Face display;
And all the Ills we suffer now,
Like scatter'd Clouds, shall pass away.

P S A L M

P S A L M LXXX. Part II, and III.

The 10. Commandments Tune.

To be Sung before Sermon.

THou brought'st a Vine from *Egypt's* Land ;
And casting out the Heathen Race,
Didst plant it with thine own Right-hand
And firmly fixt it in their place.

Before it thou prepared'st the way,
And mad'st it take a lasting Root ;
Whilst, blest with thy indulgent Ray
O'er all the Land did widely Shoot.

The Hills were covered with its shades,
Its goodly Bows did Cedars seem ;
Its Branches to the Sea were spread
And reacht to proud Euphrates stream.

To thee, O God of Hosts, we pray ;
Thy wonted Goodness Lord renew.
From Heav'n thy Throne, this Vine survey,
Her present state with pity view.

Crown then the King with good Success
By thy Right-hand secur'd from wrong ;
The Son of Man in Mercy Blest,
Whom for thy self thou mad'st so strong.

So shall we still continue free
From whatsoe'er deserves thy Blame ;
And if once more revived by thee,
Will always praise thy Holy Name.

Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
The Lustre of thy Face display ;
And all the Ills we suffer now,
Like scatter'd Clouds, shall pass away.

P S A L M

P S A L M CII. v. 13:

*To be Sung at Home ; Or at Church before Divine
Service begins ; Or after the Second Lesson.*

THOU shalt arise, and *Sion* view
With an unclouded Face ;
For now her time is come, thy own
Appointed time of Grace.

Her scatter'd Ruines, by thy Saints
With pity are survey'd ;
They grieve to see her lofty Spires
In Dust and Rubbish laid.

The Name and Glory of the Lord
All Heathen Kings shall fear ;
When he shall *Sion* build again,
And in full State appear.

When he regards the Poor's Request,
Nor flights their earnest Pray'r ;
Our Sons for this recorded Grace,
Shall his just Praise declare.

For God, from his abode on high,
His gracious Beams display'd ;
The Lord from Heav'n, his lofty Throne
Has all the Earth survey'd.

He list'ned to the Captives moans,
He heard their mournful Cry,
And freed by his resistless pow'r,
The Wretches doom'd to die.

That they in *Sion*, where he dwells,
Might celebrate his Fame,
And thro' the holy City sing
Loud Praises to his Name.

P S A L M CXV.

*To be Sung at Home ; Or at Church before Divine
Service begins ; Or after the Second Lesson.*

L O R D, not to us, we claim no Share,
But to thy sacred Name
Give Glory for thy Mercy's sake,
And Truth's eternal Fame.

Why should the Heathen cry, Where's now
The God whom we adore ?
Convince 'em that in Heav'n thou art,
And uncontroul'd thy Pow'r.

Their Gods but Gold and Silver are,
The Works of mortal Hands :
With speechless Mouth, and sightless Eyes
The Molten Idol stands.

The Pageant has both Ears and Nose,
But neither hears nor smells ;
It's Hands and Feet can't feel, nor move,
No Life within it dwells.

Such senseless Stocks they are, that we
Can nothing like 'em find,
But those who on their Help rely,
And them for Gods design'd.

O *Iſr'el*, make the Lord your Trust,
Who is your Help and Shield;
Priests, Levites, trust in him alone,
Who only Help can yield.

PSALM LXV. Part I.

*To be Sung at Church after Evening Service is over ;
Or on the Fast-Day Evening in a Family.*

FOR Thee, O God, our constant Praise
In *Sion* waits, thy chosen Seat ;
Our promis'd Altar we will raise,
And there our zealous Vows complete.

O Thou, who to my humble Prayer
Didst always bend thy list'ning Ear,
To thee shall all Mankind repair,
And at thy gracious Throne appear.

Our Sins (tho' numberless) in vain
To stop thy flowing Mercy try ;
Whilst thou o'erlook'st the guilty Stain,
And wapest out the Crimson Dye.

Blest is the Man, who, near Thee plac'd,
Within thy sacred Dwellings lives !
Whilst we at humble Distance taste
The vast Delights thy Temple gives.

By wond'rous Acts, O God, most just,
Have we thy gracious Answer found ;
In Thee remotest Nations trust,
And those whom stormy Waves surround.

God, by his Strength sets fast the Hills,
And does his matchless Pow'r engage,
With which the Sea's loud Waves he stills,
And angry Crowd's tumultuous Rage.

P S A L M XIV.

To be Sung in Times of great Degeneracy ; Or upon a Fast-Day in a Family before Morning Prayer begins ; Or after the Second Lesson.

Sure, wicked Fools must needs suppose
That God is nothing but a Name ;
Corrupt and lewd their Practice grows,
No Breast is warm'd with holy Flame.

The Lord look'd down from Heaven's high Tow'r,
And all the Sons of Men did view,
To see if any own'd his Pow'r ;
If any Truth or Justice knew.

But all, he saw, were gone aside,
All were degen'rate grown, and base ;
None took Religion for their Guide,
Not one of all the sinful Race.

But can those workers of Deceit
Be all so dull and senseless grown ?
That they, like Bread, my People eat,
And God Almighty's Pow'r disown ?

How will they tremble then for fear,
When his just Wrath shall them o'ertake ?
For, to the Righteous, God is near,
And never will their Cause forsake.

Ill Men in vain with Scorn expose
Those Methods which the good pursue ;
Since God a Refuge is for those
Whom his just Eyes with favour view.

P S A L M L. v. 1st.

To be Sung between the First and Second Service.

THE Lord hath spoke, the mighty God
Hath sent his Summons all abroad,
From dawning Light till Day declines ;
The list'ning Earth his Voice hath heard,
And he from *Sion* hath appear'd,
Where Beauty in Perfection shines.

Our God shall come, and keep no more
Misconstru'd silence as before,

But wafting Flames before him send :
Around shall Tempests fiercely rage,
While he does Heav'n and Earth engage
His just Tribunal to attend.

Assemble all my Saints to me

(Thus runs the great Divine Decree)

That in my lasting Covenant live,
And Offerings bring with constant Care,
(The Heavens his Justice shall declare,
For God himself shall Sentence give.)

P S A L M L V.

To be Sung before Sermon.

Attend, my People, *Iſr'el*, hear;

Thy ſtrong Accuſer I'll appear;

Thy God, thy only God am I;

'Tis not of Off'rings I complain,

Which, daily in my Temple ſlain,

My ſacred Altar did ſupply.

Will this alone Atonement make?

No Bullock from thy Stall I'll take,

Nor He-goat from thy Fold accept;

The Foreſt Beaſts that range alone,

The Cattel too are all my own;

That on a thouſand Hills are kept.

I know the Fowls, that build their Neſts

In craggy Rocks; and ſavage Beaſts,

That looſely haunt the open Fields;

If ſeiz'd with Hunger I could be,

I need not ſeek Relief from thee,

Since the World's mine, and all it yields.

Think'ſt thou that I have any need

On ſlaughter'd Bulls and Goats to feed?

To eat their Fleſh, and drink their Blood;

The Sacrifices I require,

Are Hearts which Love and Zeal inſpire,

And Vows with ſtricteſt Care made good.

P S A L M L. v. 15.

To be Sung at Home ; Or at Church before the beginning of Divine Service.

IN time of Trouble call on me,
And I will set thee safe and free ;
And thou returns of Praise shalt make :
But to the Wicked thus saith God,
How dar'st thou teach my Laws abroad,
Or in thy Mouth my Cov'nant take ?

For stubborn thou, confirm'd in Sin,
Hast proof against Instruction been,
And of my Word did'st lightly speak :
When thou a subtle Thief did'st see,
Thou gladly did'st with him agree,
And with Adult'ers did'st partake,

Vile Slander is thy chief Delight,
Thy Tongue, by Envy mov'd, and Spight,
Deceitful Tales does hourly spread :
Thou dost with hateful Scandals wound
Thy Brother, and with Lyes confound
The Offspring of thy Mother's Bed.

These things didst thou, whom still I strove
To gain with Silence and with Love ;
Till thou did'st wickedly surmise,
That I was such a one as thou ;
But I'll reprove, and shame thee now,
And set thy Sins before thine Eyes.

Mark this, ye wicked Fools, lest I
Let all my Bolts of Vengeance fly,
Whilst none shall dare your Cause to own.
Who praises me due Homage gives,
And to the Man that justly lives,
My strong Salvation shall be shewn.

PSALM CVII. v. 17.

To be Sung before Sermon.

R Emorseless Wretches, void of Sense,
With bold Transgressions God despise;
And for their multiply'd Offence,
Opprest with sore Diseases lie.

Their Soul a Prey to Pain and Fear,
Abhors to taste the choicest Meats;
And they by faint degrees draw near
To Death's inhospitable Gates.

Then straight to God's indulgent Ear
Do they their mournful Cry address;
Who graciously vouchsafes to hear;
And frees them from their deep distress.

He all their sad Distempers heals,
His Word both Health and Safety gives;
And when all Humane Succour fails,
From near Destruction them retrieves.

O then that all the Earth, with me
Would God for this his Goodness praise!
And for the mighty Works which he
Thro'out the wond'ring World displays!

With Off'rings let his Altar flame,
Whilst they their grateful Thanks express!
And with loud Joy his holy Name
For all his Acts of wonder bless!

PSALM

P S A L M CVII. v. 33.

To be Sung after Sermon in the Church ; Or at Evening Prayer in a Family.

A Fruitful Land where Streams abound,
God's just Revenge, if People sin,
Will turn to dry and barren Ground,
To punish those that dwell therein.

The parcht and desert Heath he makes
To flow with Streams and springing Wells ;
Which for his Lot the Hungry takes,
And in strong Cities safely dwells.

He sows the Field ; the Vineyard plants,
Which gratefully his Toil repay ;
Nor can, whilst God his Blessing grants,
His fruitful Seed or Stock decay.

But when his Sins Heav'n's wrath provoke,
His Wealth and Substance fade away.
He feels th' Oppressor's gauling Yoke,
And is of Grief the wretched Prey.

The Prince who slights what God commands,
Expos'd to Scorn, must quit his Throne ;
And over wild and desert Lands,
Where no Path offers, stray alone.

Whilst God, from all afflicting Cares,
Sets up the Humble Man on high ;
And makes in time his num'rous Heirs
With his encreasing Flocks to vie.

Then Sinners shall have nought to say,
The Just a decent Joy shall show ;
The Wise these strange Events shall weigh,
And thence God's Goodness fully know.

P S A L M LX.

*To be Sung on a Fast-Day, upon the Account of
any Disgrace in our Arms, instead of any
the foregoing; according to the Discretion of the
Minister.*

O God, who hast our Troops disperst,
Forfaking Those who left Thee first,
As we thy just Displeasure mourn,
To us in Mercy, Lord, return.

Our Strength, that firm as Earth did stand,
Is rent by thy avenging Hand;
O heal the Breaches thou hast made!
We shake, we fall without thy Aid!

Our Folly's sad Effects we feel,
For drunk with Discord's Cup we reel;
But now for them who thee rever'd,
Thou hast thy Truth's bright Banner rear'd.

Let thy Right hand thy Saints protect:
Lord hear the Pray'rs that we direct.
The Holy God has spoke; and I
O'erjoy'd, on his firm Word rely.

Ev'n thou, O God, who hast disperst
Our Troops (for we forsook Thee first)
Those whom thou didst in Wrath forsake,
Aton'd, thou wilt victorious make.

Do thou our fainting Cause sustain,
For humane Succours are but vain.
Fresh Strength and Courage God bestows,
'Tis He treads down our proudest Foes.

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To my Request give Ear.

Preserve my Life from cruel Foes,
And free my Soul from Fear.

To carry on their ill Designs,

They mutually agree ;

They speak of laying private Snares,
And think that none shall see.

With utmost Diligence and Care

Their wicked Plots they lay ;

The deep Designs of all their Hearts
Are only to betray.

But God, to Anger justly mov'd,

His dreadful Bow shall bend,

And, on his flying Arrow's point,
Shall swift Destruction send.

Their

Their Slanders, which their Mouths did vent,
Upon themselves shall fall;
Their Crimes disclos'd, shall make them be
Despis'd, and shun'd by all.

The World shall then God's Pow'r confess,
And Nations trembling stand,
Convinc'd that 'tis the mighty Work
Of his avenging Hand.

Whilst righteous Men, whom God secures,
In him shall gladly rest;
And all the list'ning Earth shall hear
Loud Triumphs of the Just.

P S A L M CXXIV.

To be Sung between the First and Second Service.

HAD not the Lord (may *Isr'el* say)
Been pleas'd to Interpose;
Had he not then espous'd our Cause,
When Men against us rose,

Their Wrath had swallow'd us alive,
And Rag'd without Controul:
Their Spite and Pride's united Floods
Had quite o'erwhelm'd our Soul.

But prais'd be our Eternal Lord,
Who rescu'd us that Day,
Nor to their Savage Jaws gave up
Our threaten'd Lives a Prey.

Our Soul is like a Bird escap'd
From out the Fowler's Net.
The Snare is broke, their Hopes are crost,
And we at Freedom set.

Secure in his Almighty Name,
Our Confidence remains;
Who, as he made both Heav'n and Earth,
Of both sole Monarch Reigns.

P S A L M CXXV.

To be Sung before Sermon.

WH O place on *Sion's* God their Trust,
Like *Sion's* Rock shall stand;
Like her immoveably be fixt
By his Almighty Hand.

Look how the Hills on ev'ry side
Ferusalem inclose,
So stands the Lord around his Saints,
To guard 'em from their Foes.

The Wicked may afflict the Just,
But ne'er too long oppress,
Nor force him by Despair to seek
Base means for his Redress.

Be good, O righteous God, to those
Who righteous Deeds affect;
The Heart that Innocence retains,
Let Innocence protect.

All those who walk in crooked Paths,
The Lord shall soon destroy;
Cut off th' Unjust, but crown the Saints
With lasting Peace and Joy.

P S A L M IX. v. 7.

*To be Sung at any Time, on the Discovery of a
Plot; Or at Evening Prayer on the Fifth of
Nov. in a Family.*

THE Lord for ever lives, who has
His righteous Throne prepar'd,
Impartial Justice to dispense,
To punish, or reward.

God is a constant sure Defence
Against oppressing Rage;
As Troubles rise, his needful Aids
In our behalf engage.

All those who have his goodness prov'd
Will in his Truth confide;
Whose Mercy ne'er forsook the Man
That on his Help rely'd.

Sing Praises therefore to the Lord;
From *Sion* his Abode:
Proclaim his Deeds, till all the World
Confess no other God.

In *Sion*, Lord, we'll sing thy Praise,
To all that love thy Name;
And with loud Shouts of grateful Joy
Thy saving Pow'r proclaim.

Deep in the Pit they digg'd for me,
The Heathen Pride is laid;
Their guilty Feet to their own Share
Are heedlessly betray'd.

Thus by the just Returns he makes,
The mighty Lord is known;
While wicked Men by their own Plots
Are shamefully o'erthrown.

No single Sinner shall escape
By Privacy obscur'd;
Nor Nation from his just Revenge
By Numbers be secur'd.

P S A L M X. v. 2.

To be Sung at Home; Or at Church before Mor-
ning Prayer begins; Or after the Second
Lesson.

THE Wicked, swell'd with lawless Pride,
Have made the Poor their Prey;
O let them fall by those Designs
Which they for others lay.

To own a Pow'r above themselves
Their haughty Pride disdains;
And therefore in their stubborn Mind
No thought of God remains.

Oppressive Methods they pursue,
And all their Foes they fight;
Because thy Judgments unobserv'd
Are far above their sight.

Some.

Sometimes they act the harmless Man,
And modest Looks they wear;
That so deceiv'd, the Poor may less
Their sudden Onset fear.

For God, they think, no notice takes
Of their unrighteous Deeds;
He never minds the suff'ring Poor,
Nor their Oppression heeds.

But thou, O Lord, at length arise;
Stretch forth thy mighty Arm;
And, by the Greatness of thy Pow'r,
Defend the Poor from harm.

Assert thy just Dominion, Lord,
Which shall for ever stand;
Thou who the Heathen didst expel
From this thy chosen Land.

Thou dost the humble Suppliants hear
That to thy Throne repair;
Thou first prepar'st their Hearts to pray,
And then accept'st their Pray'r.

P S A L M XCIV.

To be Sung between the First and Second Lesson.

HOW long, O Lord, shall sinful Men
Their solemn Triumphs make?
How long their wicked Actions boast
And insolently speak?

Not only they^{thy} Saints oppress,
But unprovok'd they spill
The Widows and the Strangers Blood,
And helpless Orphans kill.

And yet the Lord shall ne'er perceive,
(Prophanely thus they speak)
Nor any notice of our Deeds
The God of *Jacob* take.

At length ye stupid Fools, your Wants
Endeavour to discern;
In Folly will you still proceed,
And Wisdom never learn?

Can he be Deaf who form'd the Ear,
Or Blind who fram'd the Eye?
Shall Earth's great Judge not punish those
Who his known Will defie?

He Fathoms all the Thoughts of Men,
To him their Hearts lie bare;
His Eye surveys them all, and sees
How vain their Counsels are.

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PSALM

P S A L M XI. v. 4.

To be Sung before Sermon.

TH E Lord has both a Temple here,
And righteous Throne above;
Whence he surveys the Sons of Men,
And how their Counsels move.

If God, the Righteous, whom he loves,
For Trial does correct;
What must the Sons of Violence,
Whom he abhors, expect?

Snares, Fire, and Brimstone on their Heads,
Shall in one Tempest show'r;
This dreadful mixture his Revenge
Into their Cup shall pour.

The righteous Lord, will righteous Deeds
With signal Favour grace;
And to the upright Man disclose
The brightness of his Face.

P S A L M

P S A L M XCIV. Part II. v. 12.

To be Sung at Home ; Or at Church before the beginning of Evening Prayer ; Or after the Second Lesson.

BLeft is the man whom thou, O Lord,
In kindness dost chastise ;
And by thy Sacred Rules to walk
Dost lovingly advise.

This man shall rest and safety find
In seasons of distress ;
Whilst God prepares a Pit for those
That stubbornly transgress.

For God will never from his Saints
His Favour wholly take ;
His own Possession and his Lot,
He will not quite forsake.

The world shall then confess thee just
In all that thou hast done ;
And those that choose thy upright ways
Shall in those paths go on.

P S A L M XCIV. Part II. v. 16.

To be Sung before Sermon.

WHO will appear in my behalf,
When wicked Men Invade?
Or who, when Sinners would oppress,
My righteous cause shall plead?

Long since had I in silence slept,
But that the Lord was near,
To stay me when I slept, when sad,
My troubled Heart to cheer.

Wilt thou' who art a God most just,
Their sinful Throne sustain?
Who make the Law a fair pretence
There wicked ends to gain?

Against the lives of Righteous Men
They form their close Design.
And blood of Innocents to spill
In solemn League combine.

But my Defence is firmly plac'd
In God the Lord most high;
He is my Rock to which I may
For Refuge always fly.

The Lord shall cause their ill Design
On their own Heads to fall;
He in their Sins shall cut them off,
Our God shall slay them all.

XXIX of May ; Or the Restoration
of the Government.

P S A L M CXVIII.

To be Sung at Home ; Or at Church before the be-
ginning of Divine Service ; Or after the Second
Lesson.

O Praise the Lord, for he is good,
His Mercies ne'er decay :
That his kind Favours ever last,
Let thankful *Isr'el* say.

Their Sense of his Eternal Love
Let *Aaron's* House express ;
And that it never fails, let all
That fear the Lord confess.

When all united press'd us hard,
In hopes to make us fall ;
The Lord vouchsaf'd to take our part,
And sav'd us from them all.

The Honour of our strange Escape
To him alone belongs ;
He is our Saviour, and our Strength,
He only claims our Songs.

Joy fills the Dwellings of the Just,
Whom God has sav'd from harm ;
For wond'rous things he brought to pass
By his Almighty Arm.

He, by his own resistless Pow'r,
Has endless Honour won;
The saving Strength of his Right-hand
Amazing Works has done.

God will not suffer us to fall,
But still prolongs our Days;
That by declaring all his Works,
We may advance his Praise.

Then open wide the Temple-Gates
To which the Just repair;
That we may enter in, and praise
Our great Deliv'rer there.

Within those Gates of God's Abode,
To which the Righteous press;
Since thou hast heard, and set us free,
Thy Holy Name we'll bless.

P S A L M CXXVI.

To be Sung between the First and Second Service,

WHEN Sion's God her Sons recall'd
From long Captivity,
It seem'd at first a pleasing Dream
Of what we wish'd to see.

But soon in unaccustom'd Mirth
We did our Voice employ;
And sung our great Restorer's Praise
In thankful Hymns of Joy,

Our Heathen Foes repining stood,
Yet wert compell'd to own
That great and wond'rous was the Work
Our God for us had done.

'Twas great, say they; 'twas wond'rous great;
Much more should we confess;
The Lord has done great things, whereof
We reap the glad Success.

P S A L M CXXIX.

To be Sung before Sermon.

From my Youth up, may *Isr'el* say,
They oft have me assail'd,
Reduc'd me oft to heavy Straits,
But never quite prevail'd.

They oft have plow'd my patient Back
With Furrows deep and long,
But our just God has broke their Chains,
And rescu'd us from Wrong.

Defeat, Confusion, shameful Rout
Be still the Doom of those,
Their righteous Doom, who *Sion* hate,
And *Sion's* God oppose.

Like Corn upon our House's Tops,
Untimely let them fade,
Which too much Heat, and want of Root
Has blasted in the Blad.

P S A L M LXXXV.

*To be Sung after Sermon ; Or at Evening Prayer
in a Family.*

Lord, thou hast granted to thy Land
The Favours we implor'd ;
And faithful *Jacob's* captive Race
Hast graciously restor'd.

Thy People's Sins thou hast absolv'd,
And all their Guilt defac'd ;
Thou hast not let thy Wrath flame on,
Nor thy fierce Anger last.

O God our Saviour, all our Hearts
To thy Obedience turn ;
That, quencht with our repenting Tears,
Thy Wrath no more may burn.

Thy gracious Favour, Lord, display,
Which we have long implor'd ;
And for thy wond'rous Mercy's sake
Thy wonted Aid afford.

For Mercy now with Truth is join'd ;
And Righteousness with Peace,
Like kind Companions absent long,
With friendly Arms embrace.

Truth from the Earth shall spring, whilst Heav'n
Shall Streams of Justice pour ;
And God, from whom all Goodness flows,
Shall endless Plenty show'r.

Before him Righteousness shall march,
And his just Paths prepare ;
Whilst we his Holy Steps pursue,
With constant Zeal and Care.

Several Services of Psalms, proper
to be Sung by the Catechumens,
Or any Religious Societies at their
Catechetical Conferences.

The CREED.

*To be Sung at the Beginning of the Catechetical
Conference.*

I Stedfastly believe in God,
The Father of all Might,
Who made the lower World, and all
The glorious Worlds of Light.

And I believe in Jesus Christ,
The everlasting Word ;
Th' Almighty Father's only Son,
And our most gracious Lord.

Conceiv'd by th' Holy Ghost, and of
The Virgin Mary born ;
By Pontius Pilate Doom'd to bear
Most bitter Pains and Scorn.

Was Crucify'd ; and for a time,
Both Dead and Bury'd lay ;
Descended into Hell, and rose
To Life on the third day.

Ascended up to Heav'n, and there
 On God's Right-hand is plac'd ;
 From whence he shall return to Judge
 The Quick and Dead at last.

I likewise firmly do believe
 O Holy Ghost in thee ;
 The Holy Universal Church ;
 And Saints Community ;

Forgiveness of repented Sins,
 Through Christ our Sacrifice ;
 The Resurrection of the Dead ;
 And Life that never dies.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom we adore,
 Be Glory ; as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore

The Ten Commandments. *Part I.*

To be Sung after the Catechetical Conference.

GOD spake these words, O Is'el hear
 What I shall now Command,
 The Lord, and only God am I,
 Who with Almighty Hand

From Egypt's Land, and from the House
 Of Bondage set thee free :
 And therefore Is'el thou shalt have
 No other God but me.

Thou shalt no Graven Image make,
Nor Likeness shalt thou feign,
Of any thing that Heav'n or Earth,
Or wat'ry Deeps contain.

Thou shalt not bow thy self to them,
Nor outward Worship pay;
Much less shalt thou, in Heart, adore,
And to an Idol pray.

For I thy God, a Jealous God,
The Father's Sin chastize
To Third and Fourth Descent, of all
Who are my Enemies:

But Mercy do to thousands shew,
And bounteously repay
All those who me sincerely love,
And my Commands obey,

The sacred Name of God thy Lord
Thou never shalt profane,
For God will them not guiltless hold
Who take his Name in vain.

Remember thou the Sabbath-Day;
To keep with Holy Care;
Six days for Labour thou shalt take,
To finish each Affair.

Honour thy Parents, that thou may'st
Both long and happy live,
In that blest Land which God, thy Lord,
Did for thy Dwelling give.

From Murder, from Adultery,
And Theft thou shalt forbear:
Nor falsely shalt in any Case
Against thy Neighbour swear.

Thou shalt not Covet House, or Wife,
Or Man, or Maid of his,
Or Ox, or Ass, or ought whereof
He rightful Owner is.

Have Mercy therefore on us, Lord,
And all our Hearts incline
With diligence and care to keep
These righteous Laws of thine.

The Lord's PRAYER.

To be Sung before the Catechetical Conference.

OUR Father which in Heav'n art,
Thy Name be hallow'd in each Heart :
Thy Kingdom come ; may we fulfil,
Who dwell on Earth, thy Heav'nly Will,
With equal Chearfulness and Love
As Saints and Angels do above.

Give us this day our daily Bread ;
Us into no Temptation lead.
But with thy Grace preserve us still
From Sin, and ev'ry thing that's ill :
For thine the Kingdom, and the Pow'r,
And Glory are for evermore.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom all the Sacred Host
Of Saints and Angels do adore,
All Glory be as heretofore,
It was, is now, and so shall be
To Ages of Eternity.

P S A L M CXIX. v. 7.

To be Sung after the Catechetical Conference.

MY upright Heart shall my glad Mouth
With chearful Praises fill :
When by thy righteous Judgments taught,
I shall have learnt thy Will.

So to thy sacred Laws shall I
All due Observance pay ;
O then forsake me not, my God,
Nor cast me quite away.

How shall the young preserve their Ways,
From all Pollution free ?
By making still their Course of Life
With thy Commands agree.

With hearty Zeal for thee I seek,
To thee for Succour pray ;
O suffer not my careless Steps
From thy right Paths to stray.

PSALM

P S A L M LXVII.

*To be Sung by a Religious or Catechetical Society,
before they begin their Conference.*

TO blefs thy chosen Race,
In Mercy Lord incline;
And cause the brightness of thy Face
On all thy Saints to shine.

That so thy wond'rous ways,
May through the World be known;
Whilst distant Lands their Tribute pay,
And thy Salvation own.

Let diff'ring Nations join
To celebrate thy Fame;
Let all the World, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious Name.

O let them shout and sing
With Joy, and pious Mirth:
For thou the Righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the Earth.

Let diff'ring Nations join
To celebrate thy Fame;
Let all the World, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious Name.

P S A L M XLV. v. 3.

*To be Sung by a Religious or Catechetical Society,
at the End of the Catechetical Conference.*

Gird on thy Sword, most mighty Prince,
And clad in rich Array,
With glorious Ornaments of Pow'r,
Majestick Pomp display.

Ride on in State, and still protect
The Meek, the Just, and True;
Whilst thy Right Hand with swift Revenge
Does all thy Foes pursue.

How sharp thy weapons are to them
That dare thy Pow'r despise;
Down, down they fall, while through their Hearts
The Feather'd Arrow flies.

But thy firm Throne, O God, is fix'd
For ever to endure;
Thy Scepter's sway shall always last,
By righteous Laws secure.

Because thy Heart, by Justice led,
Did upright ways approve:
And hated still the crooked Paths
Where wand'ring Sinners rove.

Therefore did God, thy God, on thee
The Oil of Gladness shed;
And has above thy Fellows round
Advanc'd thy lofty Head.

P S A L M LXVI.

To be Sung at the Beginning of the Catechetical Conference.

LET all the Lands with shouts of Joy
To God their Voices raise :
Sing Psalms in honour of his Name,
And spread his glorious Praise.

And let them say, how dreadful, Lord,
In all thy Works art thou !
To thy great Pow'r thy stubborn Foes
Shall all be forc'd to bow.

Thro' all the Earth the Nations round
Shall thee their God confess ;
And with glad Hymns their awful Dread
Of thy great Name express.

O come, behold the Works of God,
And then with Joy you'll own,
That he to all the Sons of Men
Has wond'rous Judgments shown.

He by his Pow'r for ever rules ;
His Eyes the World survey,
Let no presumptuous Man rebel
Against his Sov'reign sway.

O all ye Nations bless our God,
And loudly speak his Praise ;
Who keeps our Soul alive, and still
Confirms our steadfast Ways.

P S A L M CXVII.

To be Sung by a Catechetical Society, as Containing in few words a Prediction of the Conversion of all Nations, when God shall have accomplish'd his Prophecies concerning the recalling of the People. To be Sung after the Catechetical Conference.

WITH chearful Notes let all the Earth
To Heav'n their Voices raise;
Let all, inspir'd with godly Mirth,
Sing solemn Hymns of Praise.

God's tender Mercy knows no bound,
His Truth shall ne'er decay;
Then let the willing Nations round,
Their grateful Tribute pay.

P S A L M CXLV. v. 1.

To be Sung by a Catechetical Society, at the beginning of the Conference.

THREE I will bless, my God and King,
Thy endless Praise proclaim;
This Tribute daily I will bring,
And ever bless thy Name.

Thou, Lord, beyond compare art Great,
And Highly to be prais'd;
Thy Majesty, with boundless Height,
Above our Knowledge rais'd.

Renown'd for mighty Acts, thy Fame
To future Times extends ;
From Age to Age thy glorious Name
Successively descends.

Whilst I thy Glory and Renown,
And wond'rous Works express ;
The World with us thy Might shall own,
And thy great Pow'r confess.

The Praise that to thy Love belongs,
They shall with Joy proclaim ;
Thy Truth of all their grateful Songs
Shall be the constant Theme.

P S A L M CXLV. v. 8.

*To be Sung by a Catechetical Society, at the End of
the Conference.*

THE Lord is good ; fresh Acts of Grace
His Pity still supplies ;
His Anger moves with slowest pace :
His willing Mercy flies.

Thy Love thro' Earth extends its Fame,
To all thy Works express ;
These shew thy Praise, whilst thy great Name
Is by thy Servants blest.

They, with the glorious Prospect fir'd,
Shall of thy Kingdom speak ;
And thy great Pow'r, by all admir'd,
Their lofty Subject make.

Service VI. [123] for Catechumens.

God's glorious Works of ancient Date
Shall thus to all be known ;
And thus his Kingdom's Royal State,
With publick Splendor shown.

His stedfast Throne, from Changes free,
Shall stand for ever fast ;
His boundless Sway no end shall see,
But time it self out last.

P S A L M CXXXVIII.

To be Sung by a Catechetical Society, at the Beginning of the Conference.

WITH my whole Heart my God and King,
Thy Praise I will proclaim ;
Before the Gods with Joy will sing,
And bless thy holy Name.

I'll worship at thy sacred Seat ;
And with thy Love inspir'd ;
The Praises of thy Truth repeat
O'er all thy Works admir'd.

Thou graciously inclin'ft thine Ear,
When I to thee did Cry ;
And when my Soul was press'd with Fear,
Did'st inward Strength supply.

Therefore shall ev'ry earthly Prince,
Thy Name with Praise pursue,
Whom these admir'd Events convince
That all thy Works are true.

Service VI. [124] for Catechumens.

They all thy wond'rous Ways, O Lord,
With chearful Songs shall bless;
And all thy glorious Acts record,
Thy awful Pow'r confesse.

For God, altho' Enthron'd on high,
Does thence the Poor respect;
The Proud far off, his scornful Eye
Beholds with just neglect.

P S A L M XVIII. v. 25.

To be Sung after the Conference.

THou suit'st, O Lord, thy righteous Ways
To various Paths of Humane kind;
They who for Mercy Merit praise,
With thee shall wond'rous Mercy find.

Thou to the Just shalt Justice shew,
The Pure thy Purity shall see;
Such as perversely choose to go,
Shall meet with due Returns from thee.

For God's Designs shall still succeed;
His Word will bear the utmost Test:
He's a strong Shield to all that need,
And on his sure Protection rest.

Who then deserves to be ador'd,
But God, on whom my Hopes depend?
Or who, except the mighty Lord,
Can with resistless Pow'r defend?

Therefore, to Celebrate his Fame,
My grateful Voice to Heav'n I'll raise,
And Nations Strangers to his Name,
Shall thus be taught to sing his Praise.

Several Services of Hymns and
Psalms, proper to be Sung at
Schools on each Day of the
Week;

The HYMN Te Deum. Part I.

To be Sung on Monday-Morning at School.

O God, we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord,
And everlasting Father art
By all the Earth ador'd.

To thee all Angels cry aloud,
To thee the Pow'rs on high
Both Cherubim and Seraphim
Continually do Cry.

O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
Whom Heav'nly Hosts obey;
The World is with the Glory fill'd
Of thy Majestick Ray.

Th' Apostles glorious Company,
And Prophets crown'd with Light,
With all the Martyrs noble Host,
Thy constant Praise recite.

The Holy Church throughout the World,
O Lord, confesses thee ;
That Thou Eternal Father art
Of boundless Majesty.

Thy honour'd, true, and only Son ;
And Holy Ghost, the Spring
Of never ceasing Joy : O Christ,
Of Glory thou art King.

The Father's everlasting Son,
Thou from on high did'st come
To save Mankind, and did'st not then
Disdain the Virgins Womb.

And having overcome the sting
Of Death, thou open'st wide
The Gates of Heav'n to all, who firm
In thy Belief abide.

The HYMN Te Deum. Part II.

To be Sung at Evening Prayer in a School.

Crown'd with the Father's Glory, thou
At God's Right-hand dost sit ;
Whence thou shalt come to be our Judge
To Sentence, or Acquit.

O therefore save thy Servants, Lord,
Whose Souls so dearly cost ;
Nor let the Purchase of thy Blood,
Thy precious Blood be lost.

We Magnifie thee day by day ;
And ever worship thee.
Vouchsafe to keep us, Lord, *this day*
From Sin and Danger free.

Have Mercy, Mercy on us, Lord,
To us thy Grace extend,
According as for Mercy we
On thee alone depend.

In thee I have repos'd my Trust,
And ever shall do so ;
Preserve me then from Ruin here,
And from Eternal Woe.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be Glory ; as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

P S A L M CIV. v. I.

To be Sung at Morning Prayer in a School.

Bless God, my Soul ; thou, Lord, alone
Possessest Empire without Bounds,
With Honour thou art crown'd, thy Throne
Eternal Majesty surrounds.

With Light thou dost thy self Enrobe,
And Glory for a Garment take ;
Heaven's Curtains stretch beyond the Globe
Thy Canopy of State to make.

Tuesday Evening, [128]

at School.

God builds on liquid Air, and forms
His Palace-Chambers in the Skies ;
The Clouds his Chariot are, and Storms
The swift-wing'd Steeds with which he flies.

As bright as flame, and swift as wind,
His Ministers Heaven's Palace fill,
To have their sundry Tasks assign'd ;
All proud to serve their Sov'reign's Will.

P S A L M CIV. v. 27.

To be Sung at Evening Prayer in a School.

THe various Troops of Sea and Land,
In sense of common Want agree ;
All wait on thy dispensing Hand,
And have their daily Alms from thee.

They gather what thy Stores disperse,
Without their trouble to provide ;
Thou ope'st thy hand, the Universe,
The craving World is all supply'd.

Thou for a Moment hid'st thy Face,
The numerous Ranks of Creatures mourn :
Thou tak'st their Breath, all Nature's Race
Forthwith to Mother-Earth return.

Again thou send'st thy Spirit forth,
T' inspire the Mass with vital Seed ;
Nature's restor'd, and Parent Earth
Smiles on her new created Breed.

Thus thro' succeeding Ages stands
Firm fixt thy providential Care ;
Pleas'd with the Works of thine own Hands,
Thou dost the wastes of Time repair.

One Look of thine, one wrathful Look,
Earth's panting Breast with Terror fills ;
One touch from thee, with Clouds of Smoke,
In darkness shrouds the proudest Hills.

In praising God, whilst he prolongs
My Breath, I will that Breath imploy ;
And joyn Devotion to my Songs,
Sincere, as is in him my Joy.

While Sinners from Earth's Face are hurl'd,
My Soul, praise thou his holy Name ;
Till, with my Song, the list'ning World
Joyn Consort, and his Praise proclaim.

P S A L M XIX. Part I.

To be Sung at Morning Prayer in a School.

THE Heav'ns declare thy Glory, Lord,
Which that alone can fill ;
The Firmament and Stars express
Their great Creator's Skill.

The Dawn of each returning Day,
Fresh Beams of Knowledge brings ;
And from the dark Returns of Night
Divine Instruction springs.

Their pow'ful Language to no Realm
Or Region is confin'd;
'Tis Nature's Voice, and understood
Alike by all Mankind.

Their Doctrine does its sacred sense
Through Earth's Extent display;
Whose bright Contents the circling Sun
Does round the World convey.

No Bridegroom on his Nuptial-day,
Has such a cheerful Face;
No Giant doth like him rejoice,
To run his glorious Race.

From East to West, from West to East,
His restless Course he goes;
And through his Progress cheerful Light
And vital Warmth bestows.

P S A L M CXLVII. v. 7.

To be Sung at Evening Prayer in a School.

TO God, the Lord, an Hymn of Praise
With grateful Voices sing;
To Songs of Triumph tune the Harp,
And strike each warbling String.

He covers Heav'n with Clouds, and thence
Refreshing Rain bestows,
Thro' him, on Mountain-tops, the Grass
With wond'rous Plenty grows.

He, savage Beasts, that loosely range
With timely Food supplies;
He feeds the Raven's tender Brood,
And stops their hungry Cries.

He values not the warlike Steed,
But does his Strength disdain;
The nimble Foot that swiftly runs,
No Prize from him can gain.

Large Flakes of Snow, like fleecy Wool,
Descend at his Command;
And hoary Frost, like Ashes spread,
Is scatter'd o'er the Land.

When, join'd to these, he does his Hall
In little Morfels break,
Who can against his piercing Cold
Secure Defences make?

He sends his Word, which melts the Ice;
He makes his Wind to blow,
And soon the Streams, congeal'd before,
In plenteous Currents flow.

By him his Statutes and Decrees
To Jacob's Sons were shown;
And still to Israel's chosen Seed
His righteous Laws are known.

No other Nation this can boast,
Nor did he e'er afford
To Heathen Lands his Oracles,
And Knowledge of his Word.

Thursday Morning, [132]

at School.

P S A L M CII. v. 25.

To be Sung at Morning Prayer in a School.

THE strong Foundations of the Earth
Of old by thee were laid ;
Thy Hands the beauteous Arch of Heav'n
With wond'rous Skill have made.

Whilst thou for ever shalt endure,
They soon shall pass away ;
And, like a Garment often worn,
Shall tarnish and decay.

Like that, when thou ordain'st their change,
To thy Command they bend ;
But thou continu'st still the same,
Nor have thy Years an End.

Thou to the Children of thy Saints
Shall lasting Quiet give,
Whose happy Race, securely fixt,
Shall in thy presence live.

P S A L M

P S A L M CXXXVI.

To be Sung at Evening Prayer in a School.

TO God, the mighty Lord,
Your joyful Thanks repeat,
To him due Praise afford
As good as he is great :
For God does prove
Our constant Friend,
His boundless Love
Shall never end.

To him whose wond'rous Pow'r
All other Gods obey,
Whom earthly Kings adore,
This grateful Homage pay :
For God, &c.

By his Almighty Hand
Amazing Works are wrought ;
The Heav'ns by his Command
Were to perfection brought.
For God, &c.

He spread the Ocean round,
About the spacious Land ;
And made the rising Ground
Above the Waters stand.
For God, &c.

Thro' Heav'n he did display
His num'rous Hosts of Light ;
The Sun to Rule by Day,
The Moon and Stars by Night.
For God, &c.

He does the Food supply
On which all Creatures live :
To God who reigns on High

Eternal Praises give.

For God will prove
Our constant Friend,
His boundless Love
Shall never end.

P S A L M XXXVI. v. 5.

To be Sung at Morning Prayer in a School.

O Lord, thy Mercy, my sure Hope,
Above the Heav'nly Orb ascends;
Thy sacred Truth's unmeasur'd scope
Beyond the spreading Skie extends.

Thy Justice, like the Hills remains;
Unfathom'd Depths thy Judgments are,
Thy Providence the World sustains,
The whole Creation is thy Care.

Since of thy Goodness all partake,
With what Assurance should the Just,
Thy shelt'ring Wings their Refuge make,
And Saints to thy Protection trust?

Such Guests shall to thy Courts be led,
To Banquet on thy Love's Repast.
And drink, as from a Fountain's head,
Of Joys that shall for ever last.

With Thee the Springs of Life remain,
Thy Presence is Eternal Day;
O! let thy Saints thy Favour gain;
To upright Hearts thy Truth display.

P S A L M CV.

To be Sung at Evening Prayer in a School.

O Render Thanks, and bleſs the Lord,
 Invoke his ſacred Name:
 Acquaint the Nations with his Deeds,
 His matchleſs Deeds proclaim.

Sing to his Praise, in lofty Hymns
 His wond'rous Works rehearſe;
 Make them the Theme of your Diſcourſe,
 And Subject of your Verſe.

Rejoice in his Almighty Name
 Alone to be ador'd;
 And let their Hearts o'erflow with Joy
 That humbly ſeek the Lord.

Seek ye the Lord, his ſaving Strength
 Devoutly ſtill implore;
 And where he's ever preſent, ſeek
 His Face for evermore.

The wonders that his hands have wrought,
 Keep thankfully in mind;
 The righteous Statutes of his Mouth,
 And Laws to us aſſign'd.

His Cov'nant he hath kept in mind
 For num'rous Ages paſt,
 Which yet for thouſand Ages more,
 In equal force ſhall laſt.

PSALM XXXIII. v. 1.

To be Sung at Morning Prayer in a School.

LET all the Just to God with Joy,
Their chearful Voices raise,
For well the Righteous it becomes
To sing glad Songs of Praise.

Let Harps, and Psalteries, and Lutes
In joyful Confort meet ;
And new-made Songs of loud Applause
The Harmony compleat.

For faithful is the Word of God,
His Works with Truth abound ;
He Justice loves, and all the Earth
Is with his Goodness crown'd.

By his Almighty Word at first
The Heavenly Arch was rear'd ;
And all the beauteous Hosts of Light
At his Command appear'd.

The swelling Floods together roll'd,
He makes in heaps to lie,
And lays, as in a Store-house, life,
The wat'ry Treasures by.

Let Earth, and all that dwell therein,
Before him trembling stand :
For when he spake the Word, 'twas made,
'Twas fixt at his Command.

He, when the Heathen closely plot,
Their Counsels undermines ;
His Wisdom ineffectual makes
The People's rash Designs.

What-

Saturday Evening, [137.]

at School.

Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees
Shall stand for ever sure ;
The settled purpose of his Heart
To Ages shall endure.

How happy then are they, to whom
The Lord for God is known ;
Whom he from all the World besides
Has chosen for his own !

P S A L M XXXIII. v. 13.

To be Sung at Evening Prayer in a School.

GOD all the Nations of the Earth
From Heav'n his Throne survey'd ;
He saw their Works, and view'd their Thoughts,
By him their Hearts were made.

No King is safe by mighty Hosts,
Their Strength the Strong deceives ;
No manag'd Horse by Force or Speed,
His Warlike Rider saves.

'Tis God, who those that trust in him
Beholds with gracious Eyes ;
He frees their Souls from Death, their Want
In time of Dearth supplies.

Our Soul on God with Patience waits,
Our Help and Shield is He !
Then, Lord, let still our Hearts rejoice,
Because we trust in Thee.

The Riches of thy Mercy, Lord,
Do Thou to us extend ;
Since we, for all we want or wish,
On Thee alone depend.

P S A L M CXXXIX.

To be Sung or Meditated by a School-Boy at Night.

THou, Lord, by strictest search hast known
My rising up, and lying down ;
My secret Thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me.

Thine Eye my Bed and Path surveys,
My publick Haunts, and private Ways ;
Thou know'st what 'tis my Lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd Word's intent.

Surrounded by thy Pow'r I stand,
On every side I find thy Hand.
O Skill, for humane reach too high !
Too dazzling bright for Mortal Eye !

O could I so perfidious be,
To think of once deserting thee,
Where, Lord, could I thy Influence shun,
And whither from thy Presence run ?

If up to Heav'n I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st, enthron'd in Light ;
If down to Hell's infernal Plains,
'Tis there Almighty Vengeance Reigns.

If I the Morning's Wings cou'd gain,
And fly beyond the Western Main,
Thy swifter Hand wou'd first arrive,
And there arrest thy Fugitive.

Or should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the sable Wings of Night ;
One glance from Thee, one piercing Ray,
Would kindle Darkness into Day.

The

The Veil of Night is no Disguise,
No Screen from thy all-searching Eyes;
Thro' mid-night Shades thou find'st thy way,
As in the blazing Noon of Day.

Thou know'st the Secrets of my Heart;
If Mischief lurk in any part,
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in thy perfect Way.

P S A L M CXXXIX. v. 13.

To be Sung or Meditated by a School-Boy in the Morning.

THou know'st the Texture of my Heart,
My Reins, and ev'ry Vital part;
Each single Thread, in Nature's Loom,
By Thee was cover'd in the Womb.

I'll praise thee from whose Hands I came,
A Work of such a curious Frame;
The Wonders Thou in me hast shown
My Soul, with grateful Joy, must own.

Thine Eyes my Substance did survey,
While yet a lifeless Lump it lay,
In secret, how exactly wrought
E'er from it's dark Enclosure brought.

Thou didst the shapeless Embryo see,
It's Parts were registred by Thee;
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
Form'd by the Model of thy Book.

Let me acknowledge too, O God,
That since this Maze of Life I trod,
Thy thoughts of Love to me surmount
The Pow'r of Numbers to recount.

Far sooner could I reckon o'er
The Sands upon the Ocean's shore :
Each Morn reviving what I've done,
I find th' Account but new begun.

The wicked thou shalt slay, O God :
Depart from me, ye Men of Blood,
Whose Tongues Heav'ns Majesty profane,
And take th' Almighty's Name in vain.

Lord, hate not I their impious Crew
Who thee with Enmity pursue ?
And does not Grief my Heart oppress,
When Reprobates thy Laws transgress ?

Who practise Enmity to Thee,
Shall utmost Hatred have of me :
Such Men I utterly detest,
As if they were my Foes profess.

Search, try, O God, my Thoughts and Heatt,
If Mischief lurks in any part ;
Correct me when I go astray,
And guide me in thy perfect way.

GLORIA

GLORIA PATRI, &c.

As the 100 Psalm.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To God, whom Earth and Heav'n adore,
Be Glory ; as it was of Old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

Common Measure.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be Glory ; as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

As Psalm the 25th.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Glory be ;
As 'twas, now is, and shall be so
To all Eternity.

As

As the 113th. Psalm-Tune.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God, whom Heaven's Triumphant Host,
 And suffering Saints on Earth adore,
 Be Glory ; as in Ages past,
 So now it is, and so shall last,
 When Time it self must be no more.

As Psalm 148.

To God, the Father, Son,
 And Spirit ever blest,
 Eternal Three in One,
 All Worship be address ;
 As heretofore
 It was, is now,
 And shall be so
 For evermore.



F I N I S.